

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 17, No. 50

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, OCT. 22, 1904.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$5. }

Whole No. 882

Things in General

SITTING in the smoking-room of an hotel in a foreign country thousands of miles from home, I was startled, some years ago, to hear a description of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as the grandest, greatest and most fascinating man who ever lived; the finest statesman who ever ruled a country; one who had given pointers to the Government of Great Britain and was almost idolized in Canada. The speaker, who was a large and florid chap, then took up Canadian statistics and made some statements which seemed ridiculously large then, but would be considered belittling to Canada now. The largeness of his talk led one of his listeners, who had apparently always considered him an Englishman, to inquire if he were a Canadian. He admitted that he had not hitherto claimed Canada as his native place, but explained that nobody thereabouts had ever heard of the place till lately, and he had been too much irritated by their ignorance to discuss the matter. After his acquaintances had gone I introduced myself, was welcomed as a brother and treated royally until I left the city, when he somewhat awkwardly asked me not to "write him up" or make any mention of what he had said. "I'm a red-hot Conservative at home, and though I haven't seen Canada since Sir John Abbott was Premier, I expect to get back some day, and likely enough I'll go into politics—there's always been one of our family in Parliament since long before Confederation." I expressed the hope that he would still retain the same good opinion of Laurier in spite of party politics, but he laughed and said, "Down here where the natives think there is no country but theirs, and hear nothing about the rest of the world but the bragging of the Yankees, one talks differently from what one would at home."

This episode came back to me after reading the various reports of the Laurier meeting in Massey Hall. The fascinating force of the man, his evident sincerity and great ability no one seems to deny; his honesty no one impugns. Criticism is directed at his policy; the finger of suspicion is pointed at some of his associates both in the Cabinet and out of it, but his own impulses and conduct are admittedly clean. The proneness of the people to hero-worship leads those who hear him to hang upon his very words, and for the moment makes them slaves of his smile. The love of the people for Sir Wilfrid is a perhaps higher type of hero-worship than was excited by Sir John A. Macdonald, who was much more of a jollier and worked his natural and general bonhomie camaraderie to the limit, in both public and private. Of Sir Wilfrid, Canada is genuinely proud, and Conservatives who shrug their shoulders and criticize him at home take a delight in praising him and hearing him praised abroad. It is a pity that, like the acquaintance I made in a foreign country, party politics should prevent an open expression so dear to the heart of a sensitive man like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of the unanimous admiration of the grace, tact and ability which won instant recognition at the Queen's Jubilee, though he stood with statesmen who until that time were vastly better known and more greatly esteemed in the Empire.

The personal attractiveness and honesty of the man should by no means prevent criticism of his policy, or opposition to the projects which one may consider mistakes, though affection is sure to, and perhaps should, blind one to minor faults. Of mistakes, his plan of using the public credit to build the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is a huge and noticeable example. This is neither the time nor the place to argue the question of public ownership and operation of railways. With thousands of others, I am absolutely convinced of the soundness of owning and operating all public utilities, and every argument Sir Wilfrid directed against the ownership and operation of railways can with equal force be directed against the ownership and operation of roads and streets, telephones, telegraphs, the postal service, electric and gas lighting plants, waterworks systems, and indeed everything which could be grouped under the title "public utilities." I believe he is absolutely wrong in stating that railroads are not successfully owned and operated by the government of any country. Anyone who has been in Germany will agree with the Germans that railroads cannot be better managed than they are managed there for the good of the people and the whole country. That there may be trouble and crudities in railway operation in new countries and unsettled districts would be admitted by all who recognize that it is in such districts that the problems of government of every sort are most difficult.

I quite agree with Sir Wilfrid, however, that the railway policy of the Opposition is both vague and misleading. They have wobbled and changed, misstated and misled, until no one knows where they are at. In a nebulous way Leader Borden—a fine gentleman and a good speaker—is for public ownership; the strongest section of his parliamentary following is opposed to it. I do not know, and I know of nobody who does know, whether he is in favor of government operation or is opposed to it; I am afraid he is opposed to it. But an open enemy is better than a covert one, and the great majority of the friends of public ownership will be restrained by their liking for and confidence in Sir Wilfrid from changing their party affiliation to follow any will-o'-the-wisp such as Mr. Borden's railway policy is proving to be, lest they may meet the fate of those who chase the *ignis fatuus* and land in a bog. It certainly is not worth while threatening the stability of the enterprise and alarming investors such as the Grand Trunk Pacific will have to seek, for all that is to be gained by the mere ownership of the western section, involving as it would the making of contracts with, and the granting of privileges to, various railroad corporations. Sir Wilfrid's policy, though radically mistaken, is clear and free from evasion of every sort; the other, though admittedly more desirable and providing greater possibilities of ultimate pub-

lic operation as well as ownership, is apparently neither thoroughly understood by Mr. Borden nor more than half-endorsed by his party, and certainly is not in a condition to excite the confidence or admiration of those who appreciate the magnitude of the enterprise.

As to any forecast of the result of the general elections, I do not claim any special information, but judging from conditions generally I imagine there will not be much change in the Maritime Provinces. The Conservatives will gain in Quebec, unless Sir Wilfrid outbids Mr. Borden in promising support to the bishops. In Ontario the natural Government gain made by the rearrangement of the constituencies to rectify some of the injustices of Conservative gerrymanders and to reduce the representation made necessary by the last census, will be offset by the disturbance of public opinion caused by the conduct and condition of the Provincial Government, and there is unlikely to be any Liberal gain. In Manitoba, though that province will be largely benefited by the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific, local political machinery is in the hands of some cheap Conservative panders and Liberalism is under water for lack of good men and adherence to principles. In the North-West Territories the agitation for autonomy will partially offset the popular advantage of the new railway, and little or no advantage will be gained in either of these great Western sections. In British Columbia the new northern port must excite jealousy; leadership is lacking and we may look for Liberal losses. In the Yukon the Government holds the machinery and should hold its own. Taken as a whole, the Government will probably go back to Ottawa with a majority much nearer 30 than 40.

It is hard to tolerate the average sectarian, for he insists upon that little spot bounded by his own opinions and cruelly limited by his lack of information, being all there

Brown, the founder of Liberalism in this province, died, and had not quit school when Wilfrid Laurier was being persecuted by the priests. I at least have not called attention to the "conspiracies" and "plotting" of the Hierarchy for the sake of calling attention to the fact that the Premier of the Dominion is a Roman Catholic, for I esteem Sir Wilfrid as a gentleman, admire his courage in fighting the bishops in the past, and hope that he will be able to withstand the fool advice of those about him who have been, and are, urging him to make peace with the religio-political plotters who would divide Canada to suit themselves, and even now insist upon special details of government in each section. It is the insidious and enfeebling counsel of just such editorial writers as the one from whose work I have quoted, which makes it almost impossible for a political leader to be upright and fearless in his adherence to the historical and fundamental principles of his party. I do not judge leaders by their adherence to any line of fiscal policy, for circumstances may render a tariff that is good now, bad a year hence, but nothing can change those principles which underlie all governments, and in particular are the foundation of democratic governments. It is these principles that the Bishops seek to destroy, and their meeting at Three Rivers on the eve of a general election, in the face of protests by reason of autonomy being delayed in the North-West for Separate school reasons, and while important educational matters are in the balance in Ontario, is significant, and those who know the Hierarchy are not prepared to admit for an instant that it is accidental. An attempt is being admittedly made by the Conservative party to reopen the Manitoba school question in the Province of Quebec, and the "broad-minded" tolerant Liberals of the "Star" variety are so in love with Power that it is evident that they are prepared to conciliate and pander rather than risk another set-to with the Church. As the

as to whether I will turn my mind and my energies in another direction which will be very much more profitable to me personally than the position which I now fill." It will be observed that Mr. Blair does not claim that he has resigned for patriotic reasons or because he does not consider the Commission a success, but practically admits that he has accepted the position for the purpose of demonstrating the usefulness of the Board—a board the parentage of which he quite rightfully claims.

The Commission has been singularly successful and popular, and every locality visited by the itinerant court will agree with Mr. Blair "that the tribunal is one capable of rendering substantial service," and in the few months of its existence has done more, and done it better, than the old-fashioned methods could have accomplished in years. Unfortunately, Mr. Blair's resignation may impress the public that the Commission has lost not only its chairman, but also its force, and to a certain extent its usefulness. Mr. Blair is probably aware of this; he probably anticipated the effect his resignation would have when he accepted the position; and while we may admire his ability he can hardly hope for extraordinary gratitude for utilizing the people and the highway tribunal to magnify himself and obtain personal preferment. It is to be regretted that a man of Mr. Blair's age, great capacity for public business, and dominant qualities, should abandon public life as being not sufficiently "attractive" to induce him to forego personal advantages. It is somewhat disheartening to find that great honors and an ample competence are not sufficiently attractive to one whose concluding years might well be spent in the service of his native country, which at the present moment, more than ever before, is in need of able and patriotic men. If our older men, trained in public life, are to abandon the service of the people, though their future is assured, how can we hope for a younger generation to undertake an uncertain task even though they have their lives before them?

The history of Hon. Mr. Blair's public life is a record of swift and effective ante-election strategies. A few days before a general election in New Brunswick his opponents thought they had him badly beaten. One of his sudden announcements of policy overwhelmed them in twenty-four hours. They knew he had them. And he had. Mr. Blair says he is out of politics; this by no means settles the question. Canadians should be better pleased to see him in politics than to have his brains engineering the policy and strategy of a great corporation. That Mr. Blair resigned as he did without intending to give the Government a jolt cannot be believed. How hard he intends to make the "jolt" remains to be seen, but as the country is huge, the time short and the people prone to suspect anything in the nature of a roorback, the result may affect, but cannot reverse, the verdict. Hon. Mr. Blair does not pretend to be a self-sacrificing patriot, but he is a great strategist, and is proud of it.

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER had "honorable" R. R. Gage to speak for and with him at St. Paul's Hall in North Toronto last Saturday evening. They are of two different "nests of traitors," but they work their talking machinery on much the same plan, have pretty much the same stake in the constituency, and do equal "honor" to the riding. D'Alton McCarthy and Hon. Clarke Wallace were not present; doubtless they very much prefer to be dead.

A MAN recently died in this city who, before he left Scotland some thirty or forty years ago, was twice married, the second ceremony taking place without either woman being informed of the existence of the other. Accompanied by wife Number Two the bigamist behaved himself as a good citizen, insured his life, grew old and died. His death revealed the existence of a will, leaving the life insurance policy of \$2,000 to the wife and family in Scotland. This was the first news which wife and family Number Two had of the existence of such people, and the matter has since obtained a certain amount of publicity in the courts and newspapers. Examination into the facts apparently revealed the regularity of the first marriage and the legitimacy of the daughter, together with the bitterness which the first wife has felt, and feels, towards her husband for leaving her and her child in poverty without a sign of recognition for so many years. The feelings of the second wife and family can well be imagined, but the motives of the man in thus leaving a stain upon them can hardly be explained except that the man died with a fear of hell in his heart and endeavored to change his life insurance policy into a fire risk. The contemptible conduct of the man throughout his lifetime as well as at his death easily enough accounts for his contemptible opinion of the Almighty, whose wrath he apparently sought to appease by a deathbed repentance and an act of technical restitution, forgetful of the cruel blow he struck at those who had loved and trusted him. Of course the second family might have avoided certain publicity by not contesting the will transferring the life insurance made for the benefit of wife Number Two to the deserted woman in Scotland, but the injury sentimentally and socially inflicted was unavoidable. If he had really cared to make restitution he would have slaved during his lifetime to gather together a sum, possibly small, but indicating his sincerity, and sent it to the poor dame in Scotland, without revealing his whereabouts. But he took the easiest way and transferred the policy; the premiums upon which his second wife had probably helped him to pay in the usual course of domestic economy, to the woman for whose wrongs the wife with whom he lived for so many years was not responsible, and did this, too, in the most heartless fashion.

If anything were required to prove that the doctrine of hell fire is not a deterrent but an incentive to evil-doing, it is furnished by episodes of this sort. No one not a careful student of human nature can conceive of the number of



A TYPICALLY BEAUTIFUL DRIVE IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

is of the world worth seeing, knowing, or being believed in. As a rule, he is sincere if ignorant, valiant though narrow, and respectable though small. Even this variety of man, if by the accident of education he outgrows his sectarianism, develops a genuine dislike of sectarianism of all sorts and makes a valuable citizen. The same cannot be said of the man of small calibre and intense selfishness who assumes to be broad-minded and tolerant that he may reap his harvest in every field. Having no impulse to do right for principle's sake, he cannot conceive of others being actuated by strong and sincere motives when they denounce evils and resist aggressions which threaten the liberties of the subject and the permanency of the state. When it pays to arouse sectarian prejudices or create a faction fight, he is foremost in raising hell, and it is not a matter for wonder that he suspects the genuineness of other protests against factional domination. These men are loud in voice, and in the press and the political caucus drown the warnings of sane and sagacious people who should be heard. If their interests are not being attacked at the moment, they will not recognize that any attack is being made or that any interests are in danger; they are simply panders, paid for in the money or influence of those who are to be the beneficiaries of silent acquiescence or open partisanship. In politics they are down on corporations and corruption unless corporations and corruption are on their side; furiously opposed to the Hierarchy unless they are afraid of it or are in partnership with it. The candidate who is in favor with them or their party is a gentleman; the same man with the same principles when opposed to them is a scoundrel. It is this sort of man who can be relied upon, when vote-hunting, to write paragraphs such as the following, taken from Monday's "Star":

It was probably too much to hope that we would be allowed to have one electoral campaign in this country without seeing that hoary old theatrical "property," the "hierarchy," trotted out by the men who possess practically no other political stock-in-trade. As it is, the Roman Catholic dignitaries cannot meet in church session without being insulted by reckless charges of "conspiracy" and "plotting," and all because it serves to remind some people that the Premier of the Dominion is a Roman Catholic gentleman.

The writer of the above was probably born since George

price of its support will be dangled before the eyes of both the Federal leaders, the temptation will be strong, for both will have reason to fear abuse in the press and on the platform of the village politicians and parish priests who will be set out to yelp "Bigot!" and "Fanatic!" and bite at the heels and tear the clothes of those who dare stand up for principle.

IN an editorial argument regarding "Agency in Protested Elections," the "Globe" has defined the law as having "been modified, so that an election is not voided unless it is shown that corruption has been practised to such an extent as to materially affect the result." With the modification of the law the necessity for proving agency has passed. The opponents of a successful candidate might perform a few acts of corruption on his behalf that he might be unseated, but there is no danger of their practising corrupt methods to such an extent as to materially affect the result. When corruption has been practised to such an extent, the agency of the guilty parties can reasonably be assumed.

If in the case of candidates "when corruption has been practised to such an extent as to materially affect the result" the agency of the guilty parties can reasonably be assumed, what is the assumption, O grave and revered "Globe," with regard to a government which has been able to maintain a majority through the corrupt methods of its agents and the candidates? That such a corruption has "materially affected the result" must be admitted, for the Ross Government remains in power instead of having been defeated, as it obviously would have been had it not been for crooked work, and therefore the guilt of the Government can "reasonably be assumed."

THE resignation of Hon. A. G. Blair from the chairmanship of the Board of Railway Commissioners has set the whole country guessing. In notifying his colleagues of his intention to resign, he stated distinctly that while the work of the Board was "very congenial," "I have not found it sufficiently attractive to induce me to forego personal advantages which otherwise are open to me in other employment. . . . I may say that at the present moment I have had presented to me for prompt determination the question

people who destroy the happiness of the living and cause memories of themselves to be hated, by deathbed confessions either of a testamentary or fearsome nature. The woman who perhaps on her knees had begged some weak and soft-hearted doctor to relieve her of evidences of her frailty was for many years a recurrent figure in newspaper sensations as giving on her deathbed the name of the one guilty of malpractice, together with the name of her "betrayer," who probably furnished the money to tide her through her sickness. For many years it was thought by the officers of the law, by conscientious practitioners and zealous clergymen, to be a great and worthy feat, this inducing of a dying woman to get several families into dire disgrace and several people into the penitentiary. The woman was told that she would do God's service and procure her pardon at the Great White Throne if she violated all her vows of secrecy. Nowadays "race suicide" has become so prevalent that it, perhaps even more than a change of belief, has abated the ardor of confession-getters, but the terrible principle of any kind of a settlement with the Almighty made at the last moment regardless of consequences to the living, does not seem to have gone out of fashion. Probably husbands with stiffening lips yet confess to their wives of follies with women who are perhaps sitting downstairs holding the hands of the grief-stricken family, and wives are still murmuring, with pathetic disregard of the harm they are doing, the names of companions of the husband who had induced them to become disloyal to their marriage vows. These things, so terrifying and unsettling, though it is to be hoped rare, are not generally commented upon, because agonies inflicted by the repentant and dying must be borne in silence and heart-wounds seldom bleed upon the outer garments. But it seems to me right to suggest the existence of such things, that the dying may be brave as well as repentant and that remorse need not induce speech, as it cannot procure pardon, and it cannot be that the Judge of us all, who knows our weaknesses, will be more merciful to those whose last act is to inflict an agony of shame upon others who are perhaps also enduring the tortures of having sinned. As Oscar Wilde said in his "Ballad of Reading Jail," "Those who live more lives than one, more deaths than one must die," but dying decently may cover with a cloak of charity many grave misdeeds. There is no time when ill-gotten gains should not be restored, no moment when the undoing of a wrong is not imperatively demanded, no instant when we are safe from our sins finding us out and torturing us as we deserve, but there can be no sympathy for or justification of allowing a spasm of fear to be interpreted as the cry of conscience or the voice of God.

THE following letter is published as it was received, excepting that it has been shortened by the elimination of a trite and unnecessary illustration:

"If there is any foundation at all for your statement about the Sunday school teacher, you should have either given greater publicity to it by giving the names of parties, or not have circulated it as you have done such statements broadcast reflecting on many Christian teachers. The Evil One is making good use of you to bring discredit on the Christian Church and Sunday school. The Y.M.C.A., Lord's Day Alliance, etc., and for all such you will be held to account. To circulate such statements, apparently based only on rumors, is a wicked thing to do. All true men hold in abhorrence any so-called man who assails an innocent girl, whether he be Sunday school teacher or journalist, and it is true that this thing really happened, then why not write privately to the officials of that church demanding the resignation of this man, instead of making public only suppositions? How easy it is to be a destroyer. It takes an artist to paint a picture, but any fool can dash it and mar its beauty. It takes time and talent to construct a building, but it is comparatively easy to destroy it. Scandalous talk is easily circulated, but the spoken word cannot be recalled. Why let the devil use your brilliant intellect? when you might accomplish much good by attacking the many terrible evils that now afflict society, one of the greatest of which is the drink evil, which annually carries off thousands of our best and bravest men, and wrecks and ruins homes everywhere, and is a despoiler and a destroyer of churches. I know that you will not publish this letter, but it echoes the sentiments of many honest men."

An illustration of the difficulties of publishing a newspaper with any more serious mission than the presenting without comment of what is called the news of the day, is to be found in the above letter. I have found it useless to write of abstract instances; to successfully point out an evil one must state a case. If I had stated a case such as that of one of which the correspondent complains, and admitted it was imaginary or was based on a rumor, it would have been received with resentful incredulity. No one not convinced of the truth of the statement I published would have dared to repeat it, and nothing but the reputation of this paper for truth and accuracy could have prevented such a wide-spread feeling of offended disbelief as to have seriously damaged "Saturday Night." I was convinced that my statement would be accepted as being what I believed to be true, and except in this solitary instance I have heard no complaint. The letter was received some time ago, but its publication deferred until I could state what the result of the article had been—the "teacher" is still in front of the class and is evidently determined to brazen it out. I did not give the name of the one said to have so seriously offended against decency, for I have no right to go about painting signs of "dangerous" or "vicious" on the doorstep of any family.

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

TORONTO BRANCH—J. A. READY, Manager.

Women's Room.

A room has been specially fitted up for the convenience of women, with special banking facilities. All women are invited to avail themselves of its privileges.

EDITH LAMBE, Manager Women's Department.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.

HEAD OFFICE: 78 Church St. Toronto
Branch "A": 522 Queen W. Cor. Hackney.

ASSETS, \$3,000,000.00

3½% Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards. Withdrawable by Cheques.

OFFICE HOURS:
9 A.M. TO 4 P.M. SATURDAYS 9 A.M. TO 1 P.M.
OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 TO 9 O'CLOCK.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

Safe and Convenient

In the safe deposit vaults of this Company the box we rent for a small sum per year is just as secure as our largest safes. The charges vary according to size, but the security is the same in every case. We are always glad to furnish full information, and we cordially invite inspection of our vaults.

The Trusts & Guarantee Co., Limited

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, \$2,000,000.00

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$400,000.00

Office and Safe Deposit Vaults: 14 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

I recognize that the innocent must often suffer with the guilty in cases of this kind. I did not write a private letter, because that would have marked me as a busybody, interfering with the actions of a man whose private conduct was no affair of mine, and personally fusing into the business of a church which would at once have become a malignant and resentful. I was forced to deal with it as a publicist criticizing a man occupying a public position—a position for which he was, and is, obviously unfit. It was as a teacher of little girls that I attacked the offender against a little girl. If innocent Sunday school teachers have been suspected, am I to be scolded, or is the man criticized the one who should bear the blame? Knowing the facts, should this newspaper have remained silent and joined in the easygoing scheme of leaving such a teacher in such a position, rather than make trouble? I do not so construe my duty in such a matter. The incident was brought to me in support of an article I published denouncing the conspiracy of silence by which the Press and the Pulpit became consenting and condoning parties to the most outrageous commercial and political offences. Here was an instance of a man guilty of a social offence; could I have given my own opinion the lie and refused to publish it?

Possibly "the Evil One is making good use" of me. I do not particularly care whether it is the devil or somebody else who is making "good use" of me as long as I am made good use of. My correspondent will look in vain for any effort I have made to discredit Christ or the Christian religion, much as I have deplored and often as I have attacked the evils which have crept into what he calls "the Christian church" and its auxiliaries. If my critic would examine the records of religion as they are presented by the records in the Old and New Testaments he would find no one being praised for their orthodox adherence to creeds which had become corrupted through contact with baser things or were being interpreted by that most degenerate of all people, whether he be rabbi, priest, parson or press man, the self-seeking, self-complacent hypocrite who is too busy to do anything but pretend or persecute.

I admit all that can be said about the difficulty of painting a picture and the danger which it may be defaced. Christ painted the Christian picture, and it is the so-called Christian who is defacing it; I am simply endeavoring to stay his hand. The real Christianity passed through periods of awful persecution, grew and flourished, though the early Christians were thrown to the lions or burned at the stake. Reformed Christianity withstood the Inquisition, the rack, the thumb-screw, the stake, the dungeon, and fierce laws intended to terrify those rebelling against the Pope and dogmas. True Christianity still flourished when the Non-conformists had to fight the Established Church of England. But the time of the Covenanters and the Puritans has passed, and the Church is falling every day and every hour into that sleep from which it must be rudely awakened or it will sleep itself to death. The "Christian Church" was founded on self-sacrifice; it is being perpetuated in selfishness. It is sincerely defended by those who do not separate the true Christianity from the crust of formalism which retains the shape of Christianity but is a hollow thing, body and spirit having dried out and fallen away in dust. This section of those who rush to the defence of modern church methods are doubtless sincere, but they are badly informed; another section—the loudest in defending the indefensible—are those whose business it is to defend their craft. For over twenty years in this city I have done my best as a newspaper writer to find out what is true and for the best interests of those who read what I write. I have no apology to make, I ask for no laurels, but I am not hardened to abuse nor unkind to what people think. This being the case, I might as well publish another letter, which also shows that those who expect nothing but compliments had better stay out of the newspaper business:

"The Editor 'Saturday Night':—
"Dear Sir,—I notice in your issue of Saturday last a paragraph on the front page devoted entirely to the actions of a party of young gentlemen who were on the corner of King and Yonge streets a few evenings ago. Your organ must indeed be in a bad way for reading matter when it is necessary to seize on an occurrence of this kind to enlarge upon. Your article is exceedingly clever in that you have created more evil out of an innocent occurrence than any one would have deemed possible.
"All that I need to say, I imagine, is that almost all the girls in the party which was referred to were accompanied by their fathers, whom their parents rightly think are altogether capable of guarding and protecting their sisters from all the evils which you here are not in a better position to guard them against such attacks as yours. Now, sir, in closing I wish to suggest that if you do not learn to keep your nose out of things which do not concern you, I would suggest that you at least try and get over an unfortunate habit of writing about the actions of others. You do not know anything about, in short, and in vulgar parlance why cannot you and your rag find your own damn business?" ONE WHO KNOWS

This polite and interesting letter hardly wishes itself. The paragraph referred to stated that a gentleman had called to suggest the propriety of girls in their teens, or barely out of them, going to a dance at the Island without a chaperone or any female companion of mature age, and returning at midnight accompanied by lads and young men, even though the young chaps were well behaved. The party waiting for a car excited my informant's attention by sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, laughing and giggling like a parcel of innocent young things such as they were. The criticism was based entirely on the impropriety of parents permitting their daughters to attend a dance in a place so difficult of access as the Island, at so late an hour, without a chaperone. Nothing was said to identify any of the party, and it was simply another case of using an actual incident to draw attention to the laxity of domestic discipline altogether too prevalent. I understood from the gentleman who spoke of the matter that at least some of the girls were quite unattended, and I have delayed replying to "One Who Knows" (very little) until my informant returned to the city and I could make inquiries as to whether the young folks were in family groups. He tells me that the girls were not with their brothers, but with other people's brothers, and that one or two of them would probably have no male escort when they left the car.

The little reference to the "brothers" not being in a "better position to guard them against such attacks as yours" is a piece of cheap and impertinent bravado which may have looked very pretty to the youth on paper. Any young gentleman is one who does not get fussy at long range and never induces nor permits a lady, young or old, to place herself in a position where she will be open to the criticism of a passerby. If this note-paper knight and his companions have been taught by anything I have written, that trouble is liable to result in the most unexpected places and from unexpected sources, to these who transgress and form in silliness, lawlessness in their conduct and the unconventionality of the place and circumstances, enough good has resulted from my paragraph to compensate for the impudent ill-nature of the reply—a reply unsigned, in disguised handwriting, and suggestive not of a brother with nothing to conceal, but of a "bouncer" who probably got frozen out when he next called after Papa had become aware of the nocturnal silliness.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Percy Taylor held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and yesterday afternoons at her new home, 110 Madison avenue. The pretty rooms were decorated with American Beauty roses, and the graceful young bride of last spring wore her wedding gown and looked as sweet as a bride herself. Mrs. Taylor, mother of the bride; Mrs. Taylor of Eborshire, mother of the groom; Mrs. Bert Kent, and the Misses Taylor, assisted in the reception-room and the tea-room. Many callers were at the receptions to welcome Mrs. Taylor to the ranks of the matrons.

Miss Mary Osler's debut was the raison d'être of the tea at Craigleigh on Tuesday, and fair as have been the daughters of the house on two former such happy occasions, the young girl who stood beside the mistress of the mansion this week was by many affectionately called "the flower of the dock." Miss Osler has the fair hair and exquisite tint of her sisters, with much grace and sweetness, and her friends are only limited by her acquaintance. She wore a dainty white frock, with the quaint full skirt and drooping lines of the present mode, and carried a huge bouquet of violets. Mrs. Osler wore a dark brocade gown with guimpe of white silk embroidery. Craigleigh is such a large and convenient home for a tea that there seemed no excuse for the crowding in the tea-room, at least none until one realized that there was Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, whose friends and would-be friends solidly packed themselves around her. A party of the debutantes of this season, including Miss Elaine Hodgins, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Winifred Heron, Miss Mary Gzowski, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Juliet Cayley, and Miss Marion Gwynn of Dundas, were those in charge of the tea-table. The guests were so many

that they cannot be enumerated, and toward the close of the afternoon a great many men turned up, the debutantes holding a regular court of young fellows when their most urgent duties were done. Mrs. Albert Macdonald brought her guests, Mr. Drexel and Mr. Griffith, his traveling tutor, both very charming young men. The Misses Mortimer Clark, Lady Thompson, Lady Gzowski, Mrs. and Miss Sweatman, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, and Captain Sweny, Mrs. H. Mowat, Mrs. Fisk, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Mickle, Mrs. and Miss Armour, Mrs. and Miss Boulton, Mrs. and Miss Kemp of Castle Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenelgh and the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Hatchell and Miss Perkins, Mrs. Frank Hodgins and Miss Ardagh, Dr. and Mrs. Burnham and Miss Burnham, Mrs. and Miss Gwen Darling, Mrs. and Miss Hilda Reid, Mrs. Jukes Johnson, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Jr., Miss Denison of Rusholme, Mr. Victor Heron, were a few of those in the tea-room at six o'clock. Miss Burnham, Miss Hilda Reid and Miss Gwen Darling are debutantes.

Mrs. D. E. Kilgour (formerly Miss Olive Sheppard) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday, October 27, at 84 Wellesley street, and thereafter on Tuesdays during the season.

Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt lunched at Stanley Barracks on Tuesday, going out with the D.O.C., Colonel Otter, to whom she paid a high tribute as an organizer at her lecture. On Thursday afternoon Mrs. G. T. Denison gave a tea at Heydon Villa in her honor, and to many inquiries for her on Wednesday the answer was "Gone to see Niagara," and everyone was glad of the fine day for her little trip.

On Monday evening a dinner of eighteen covers was given by Mrs. Mortimer Clark in honor of her guest, Miss Brooke-Hunt. The guests were asked, I believe, from the military set, but the dinner was only an informal one.

The various golf clubs have been full of life and activity this week, tournaments, matches, teas, luncheons and dinners being held in unending succession. On Wednesday the arrival of Mrs. Griscom and her party was the anticipated interest of mid-week. On that afternoon Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood gave a large tea, enabling many of her friends to meet Miss Dod, Mrs. Griscom and her party of United States golfers. The weather smiled on the enthusiasts of golf this week, a welcome change from former sulks. Last Saturday afternoon there were crowds of people at St. Lambton for afternoon tea, and a number stayed for dinner. One of the well-pleased visitors for the first time was Mr. R. S. Williams of Goderich, who was delighted with the beautiful links and clubhouse, and who was entertained at tea on the verandah by Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones. As evening fell, the huge logs in the great fireplace in the club-room were lighted and the scarlet-coated men and women, the slim girl golfers, their round daddies, the players old and young trooped in to an excellent dinner, and afterwards gathered in groups for a chat and a smoke, and some pretty music from volunteer pianists whose playing is always a pleasure. The Lambton Golf Club is not a lounging place; there doesn't seem to be a flirtation-corner sacred from invasion and chaff, the members play golf from A to Z, and their healthy, clear-eyed, springy-footed and good-humored personality is a tribute to the virtue of the game. The news of the victory of the Lambton players on the East Side links came in as a home touch after dinner and was greeted with smiling content. A large luncheon was given by Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Hay at the club on Thursday in honor of their guests from the other side of the line.

Mrs. Pelham Edgar entertained Mrs. Byles of the Peace Conference at luncheon at the Toronto Golf Club on Monday.

Mrs. Hayter Reed is visiting her sister, Mrs. Auguste Rolfe.

Mrs. W. G. A. Lambie receives at her new home, 143 Bloor west, next Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins are giving a dance in St. George's Hall for Miss Elaine Hodgins' debut the second week in November.

The coming-out dance, of which I spoke two weeks ago, to be given for the debut of Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, is to take place on November 4 in the King Edward Hotel.

Mrs. John Bruce, Blecker street, has changed her reception day from Thursday to Monday, the day for East Rose and the regular about Jarvis and Sherbourne streets. A few of the East Side hostesses still cling to Thursday, which has long been an impossibility for callers having that vast area from the Parkdale limits, including "down town" and Brunswick avenue (!), devoted to Thursday. Since Government House changed from Wednesday to Thursday, under the Mowat regime, and the hotels followed suit, an East Side Thursday call has partaken of the nature of a special pilgrimage, for which the shrines are happily growing "beautifully less."

The lecture given by Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt was very enjoyable for those who could hear it, but the acoustics of Association Hall are not helpful to the untrained platform voice, and I very much fear it was more or less of a blank to many of the audience. The limelight views which concluded the artless recital by this very attractive girl of her wonderful experiences in South Africa, were very interesting, and the appearance of some of the war heroes was greeted with thunderous applause. Lord Dunsford, as a London "Graphic" artist pictured him, was evidently the white-haired boy, the usual clapping being augmented by shouts from the various groups of soldiery scattered through the audience. I have never heard such a frightful, incessant coughing and hawking as was kept up during the hour of Miss Brooke-Hunt's talk. A Toronto audience is, in spring and fall, much given to sins of this description, a continuous braying punctuating the song or story which quiet folk are anxious to hear. Probably because there were so many men in Miss Brooke-Hunt's audience, the nuisance was greater than usual. Certainly at one time for quite a moment there were so many irritated epiglottis that the most advantageously placed did not hear one word in ten. It would really be a laudable and perhaps profitable act of some chemist to concoct a lozenge called, let us say, "Soleire soother," and distribute it with the programmes at the door of the hall. Miss Brooke-Hunt's remark that if she had not been able to laugh at the funny happenings her mind would have given way under the tragic ones, contains such a feasible and invaluable philosophy of life that I wonder more people don't grasp it. Her little naive tale of the way she got around the much dreaded Irish commandant was delicious, and the audience rose to it in roars of laughter. The compliments to the women of Canada on the superior wearing quality and excellence of fit and make of the shirts sent out from here to the soldiers in the Boer war, were neatly and convincingly put. The patch of English shirt made for a grown man, with a neck-band to fit a ten-year-old boy, appealed to everyone, as a wide smile testified. The lecturer was perfectly gowned in a soft acordion-pleated white crepe dress and a most becoming little chapeau of black touched with white, and wore the King's and the Queen's medals and the rings given her by her grateful corps from all parts of the world. She is a bonnie and most heartsome lady, and no wonder the soldiers adored her. Before the lecture the chairman, Colonel Davidson, made a little speech, and afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Pellatt proposed, and Colonel Septimus Denison seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer. There was a certain piquancy in the contrast between the measured, deliberate, inevitable utterances of the colonel of the Q.O.R. in his dark, quiet uniform, and the dashing manner and quick, resonant tones of the colonel of the R.C.R. in his "sassy" little red mess-jacket. Everyone cheered everyone else and the enthusiasm of the meeting must have given the peace oratory a little more of the life of the war. Miss Brooke-Hunt's remark about the little bits of paper that seem so plentiful in Toronto resulted in many of those little bits being transferred from their owners' pockets to the baskets held by young soldiers at the doors, and a "Canadian bed" in the traveling soldiers' club in London is surely fast accomplishing.

General and Mrs. Hatchell are visiting Mrs. Cawthra at Yeadon Hall. These pleasant English friends were most kind to Miss Cawthra in England, and it is a source of much regret to the kind and hospitable people at Yeadon Hall that Mr. Cawthra's illness prevents them from more extended entertainment of their visitors. On Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn dined quietly at Yeadon Hall, to meet General and Mrs. Hatchell.

WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

The Newest and Most Exclusive Materials for Tailor-Made Suits.

Handsome Materials

For Street, Carriage, Reception, Dinner and Evening Gowns.

Millinery Exclusive Style. Exquisite Color Combinations.

Gloves Street, Walking and Driving Gloves. Gentlemen's Gloves.

CORSETS THE LA GREQUE AND LATTICE RIBBON C. B. CORSETS

Paris Kid Glove Store

11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto.

For Health Alone

the hardwood floor idea is invaluable. Only of late years have our medical men realized how much danger lurks in the dusty carpet. Lay rugs over parquet floors and have your house clean all the year through. They cost no more than good carpets and will outlast a dozen carpets.

All kinds of floor wax, restorer, filler, etc.

The Elliott & Son Co., Limited.

79 KING STREET WEST

GOWANS KENT & CO. CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world

Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers profit and the duty.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.

Box-Pleated

Accordion Sun-Burst

SKIRTS

made to your order.

Sole agents for Featherbone of all grades.

FEATHERBONE NOVELTY CO., Limited

46 Richmond St. West, TORONTO.

Phone—Main 1833

MONTREAL

BIRKE Building.

QUEBEC

187 St. Joseph St.

Bridal Bouquets

For the newest ideas in especially artistic and lovely shower bouquets

Dunlop's

are unsurpassed in the Dominion. Dainty combinations and suggestions willingly furnished on application. Roses, Violets, Lily-of-the-Valley, Chrysanthemums and all other seasonal varieties. Send for price-list.

5 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

GUNS AND RIFLES

See the new Models of

SAVAGE MARLIN Winchester Rifles SAVAGE MARLIN Winchester

Hunting Supplies of all kinds, including AXES COMPASSES LEGGINGS Hunting-Coats, Flasks, Gun-Cases, Etc.

RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto.

Isles Summer Seas

"Don's" Winter Cruise Through The British West Indies.

THE first chill winds wailing over the death of summer always warn me of the necessity of making some preparation for fitting to a sunnier clime—I am no "birdie" in any other respect. This year there has practically been no summer, though for some months it has been a little warmer than it was last winter, and it has rained instead of snowed, and I think of the tropics all the more longingly. I have spent the past fourteen winters hunting for some good place, free from frosts, and have consequently acquired a pretty fair knowledge of the places usually visited by winter tourists in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, together with resorts nearer home. A year ago last winter I spent nearly three months in the British West India Islands, going there and returning by way of Halifax and Pickford & Black steamers, which furnish a fortnightly service and carry the Canadian mails as far south as Demerara or British Guiana on the north-east coast of South America. Rheumatism and phthisis are not jolly traveling companions, but it is a good many years since I escaped for a winter trip without one or both of them. They were both with me when I started, but I succeeded in shaking the latter within a week, and the mild climate, sunny skies, smooth seas, and islands luxuriant with the foliage of the semi-tropics, put rheumatism in such fair humor that I found the old thing quite endurable. Two years previously I spent the winter in Southern Italy, Egypt and Palestine, and though Egypt furnishes the driest and in many respects the best climate I have found, the general comfort and pleasure I experienced on my West Indian trip surpassed in many ways that of all previous excursions in warm countries. Usually where one finds a nice warm spot while it is winter here in Canada, it is either a fashionable and exceedingly monotonous watering-place, or in some section of the world where the accommodations, the people or the vermin are intolerable. The further south one goes the worse the steamboats and the railroads become, and the general conditions of life are those produced by the industrial drone or the poisoned revolutionist. Under the British flag, on a Canadian ship, I found the pleasures of the tropics and the security and comforts of home, while for six weeks which are cold and blistery in Canada I was with a reasonably harmonious band of about two score tourists who went calling from island to island pretty much as a bunch of visitors were accustomed in the old times to go about visiting relatives in the farming districts where I was born.

As a gentleman from the West Indies recently said in addressing a Canadian audience, some of the islands were regular places of call for the British navy before the Union Jack floated over Canada, and when the wigwags of the red men were undisturbed, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Perhaps our island relatives have attracted too little attention in Canada, and it is more than probable that Canada and its products have been too little thought of in the British West Indies. For a number of years, however, the Pickford & Black line of steamers from Halifax have been receiving a subsidy from Canada for the carrying of our mails to the principal ports of the islands and to Demerara, a policy which has been amply justified by the development of a considerable trade in very dissimilar products of the somewhat widely separated climes. As the large number of Canadians west of the Maritime Provinces who in search of pleasure or health seek a warmer climate in the winter, have found more convenient or attractive resorts in Southern Europe, Egypt, Palestine, or the Southern States of the neighboring republics, I thought it might be interesting to present an illustrated sketch—necessarily of a very superficial sort—of a trip I undertook winter before last to the semi-tropical abodes of our island relatives. I found it so pleasant that after the regular itinerary was completed as far as the return journey as Grenada, in company with a friend I left the party, and after a week's stay on that delightful island doubled back to Trinidad, went over to Jamaica, and came back by the Pickford & Black ship which makes a monthly trip between Kingston and St. John, N.B.

Halifax, N.S., putting in nearly three months altogether. Just why Pickford & Black steamers leave Halifax early on a Monday morning is not apparent, as it necessitates a wait of a day in Halifax. Ever been in Halifax? No! Then don't admit that to any Halifax people, for they think their city is about the most important spot on the Canadian map. Though they are not much given to visiting as far west as what some of them even yet call Upper Canada, they are prone to resent what they consider to be the almost inexcusable rural and village ignorance of the Western Canadians who are unaware that they have one of the finest ports in the world, capable of sheltering the whole British navy in one bunch, with room to spare. It is worth seeing this deep water port, open the year round, and the time spent in looking over the fortifications of this only remaining military and naval fortress of Great Britain in Canada, excepting at Victoria, B.C., is

their province for the first time to see the world, but taken together they formed friendly and kindly groups about the tables in the "Dahome" dining-saloon—tables which, by the way, were always well and bountifully supplied. In leaving Halifax harbor one has a good opportunity of seeing the great fortification on George's Island; also York Redoubt, said to be the greatest fortifications in America. As Sambre faded out of sight so did I. The sea was not rough and I was not seasick—I never have been—but I always find it wise, traveling in poor health, to begin a voyage with a good long rest, for as a rule I do not begin a trip until I am nearly worn out with work and the winter. After the first day I did not reappear until we were in the bright blue waters, within a few hours' sail of Bermuda and taking a pilot on board. A pilot is a necessary adjunct approaching Bermuda, for the reefs besetting a narrow channel some ten miles long are full of danger unless the progress of a ship is slow and the approach to the harbor made in daylight, as was shown by a handsome steamer of the Quebec Company foundered a few weeks later when with a large crowd of tourists on board she went on a rock, and the passengers escaped feeling thankful that they had saved their lives if nothing else.

But the air was bright and sweet with summer and the sea, and the passengers of the "Dahome" were gay. Indeed, I was told they had been gay during the three days' trip, but few having suffered in the slightest from sickness. Later



NATIVE HOMESTEAD IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

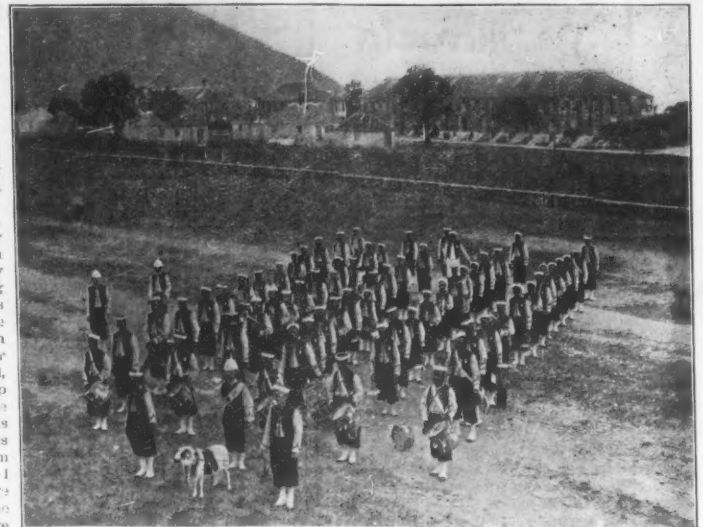
on, at several of the islands the steamer has to lie in the roadstead, or so far from the shore that small boats must be employed for disembarking, but in Bermuda we tied up at the dock and all the passengers went ashore, the military section of them to remain. It is usual for the P. & B. steamers to arrive about noon, which affords the passengers a chance to see one of the most beautiful islands of the West Indies without loss of time. It was here that Tom Moore wrote some of his delicate far niente poetry, and a cave has been named after him to which tourists delight to delve. And there is the calabash tree, and the Devil's Hole, and the beautiful fish, and the most abundant and varied turtles, in the little aquarium. The drive which takes in gives one a good view of that section of the island is a distinctly delightful experience. The large fields of lilies, grown principally for the New York market, and acres of onions, those succulent and fragrant vegetables which perfume America with the name of Bermuda, lie on either side of a smooth road which winds along the shore or glimmers like a band of silver dust through the luxuriant vegetation.

Hamilton is not a big town but it is intensely military, has a couple of excellent hotels, and several minor ones where the prices are not so high but the fare reasonably good, and as a favorite resort of New Yorkers—and many Canadians used to go there, who are now inclined to winter further south. Complaint was made by some people I knew who were staying there, that Bermuda is too damp and chilly for invalids, and on my second visit to it in April the weather was less satisfactory than at the end of the year.

January, when the day spent on the island was bright and hot. Nassau, in the Bahamas group, is a favorite spot for Canadians who once used Bermuda, but Nassau is monotonous and humid, and I feel convinced that there are at least half a dozen places in the British West Indies better than either for those seeking health or pleasure. Both obtained their popularity by being the nearest points reachable from New York, and I don't wonder, for a trip to either from that port is certain to involve violent seasickness to all but the best sailors. Nassau is now reachable from a southern port, which cuts down the trip to a few hours; but this necessarily eliminates the benefit of a sea voyage, which amongst the islands, as I found in going about and making inquiries, is almost certain to be on the smoothest of seas. Of course there are

storms, and violent ones, but they are the rare exception, not the rule.

The Bermudas, or Somers Islands, are described by historians "as the smallest, one of the earliest and most secluded of all the American dependencies of Great Britain. The Bermudas have an interest out of all proportion to their size and importance." Geography and history have made them a connecting link between the British colonies in North America and the British colonies in the West Indies. Their early story is full of romance; a point of call, a possession of a trading company, an emporium for passing traffic, a military and naval station, the home of a slave-holding community, a depot for convicts, and a colony in the fullest sense with representative institutions from the very first, this little group of coral islands only wanted native inhabitants to have been a miniature world, exhibiting every phase of colonization and containing every kind of colonist. The Bermudas were discovered at the beginning of the sixteenth century by a Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, from whom they take their first and best known name. Rock-bound, storm-beaten and desolate, the group was styled by the Spanish sailors the "isles of devils," though "all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine." Ships on their way from Havana to the Azores and Spain steered northwards to take advantage of the Gulf Stream and to avoid the easterly trade winds; but they were warned to keep far away from the islands, and to shun their storms and reefs. To the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century one discoverer after another, whether they went to north or south, continued to bear ill-will against the Bermudas. Writing in 1600 of his voyage to Guiana, Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of them as a "hellish sea for thunder, lightning and storms." When the Virginian colony was in trouble and was nearly starved, Sir George Somers—whose name for many years the islands bore—went to Bermuda to fetch food, and he described it as "the most plentiful place that ever I came to for fish, hogs and fowl." As romance always exaggerates, and the lurid pictures having been proved untrue, no colors were too bright in which to paint the beauties of the isles. In the seventeenth century the climate, beauties and products of the Bermudas became a



BAND OF BRITISH WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

South America by way of St. Kitts. Nearing St. Kitts we passed Somers, and Anguilla (English), St. Martin's and St. Eustace's (French), and at breakfast time on the third of January we were so near to St. Kitts that we had an opportunity of being impressed with that huge marine sentinel, a mountain of volcanic origin rising clear-cut and bold for 2,280 feet out of the ocean, the waves striking its embattled, beechless base with a roar, and its sides, except at a few points, quite inaccessible. Nearly 2,000 Howlanders find sustenance in the high-up valleys and along the fertile spots on the slopes which mark the "summit." Oddly enough, this portless, beechless island is the home of boat-builders, who let down their saw-work by cranes into the sea and sell it in other islands. The isolation of the people naturally keeps them in a primitive condition, for they have no visitors, few mails, and most of them live and die where they were born, regardless of the crater which caps what is considered an extinct volcano, but which may get busy one of these days and, like Mont Pelee, make a graveyard of the whole lot.

We cast anchor in the roadstead at Basseterre, the capital of St. Kitts, at luncheon time, and went ashore with boatmen whose habit it is to ask a shilling a passenger each way, and to be content with ninepence for the round trip. Owing to the lowness of the tide we found the wharf an inconvenient place to reach, but as a rule there is no difficulty and accidents practically never happen, and at worst would be nothing but an inopportune sucking in warm water.

According to "Historical Geography" the colony of the Leeward Islands includes Antigua, St. Christopher, Nevis—separated from St. Kitts by a narrow channel—Montserrat, the Virgin Islands, and Dominica. The islands of Barbuda and Redonda are dependencies of Antigua, and Anguilla is included in the Presidency of St. Kitts and Nevis. All or most of these islands were discovered by Columbus in his second voyage in 1493. On the third of November in that year he sighted Dominica, and, shaping his course north-west thence, he passed from island to island, giving them their names. It is in doubt whether he named St. Christopher after himself "or from the supposed likeness between his mountains and the statue of St. Christopher with the Saviour in his arms. The cloud-capped summit of Nevis is sufficiently like a snow-pick to account for its name." The Spaniards, however, had little or no dealings with these islands beyond discovering and naming them, preferring the larger islands nearer the mainland, but of course got fussy as soon as the French and English began to take possession. At the present time it is said that the sugar plantations, as well as the greater portion of the mercantile trade, are in the hands of an illiterate Portuguese, who has the traditional faculty of his race for hard and persistent work, and a touch of Morgan's genius for making money. Basseterre, the capital, is not an interesting place to spend any length of time, but on the afternoon of our visit it was being painted red by a large detachment of Yankee sailors on shore leave from the war vessels in the harbor, and they were riding up and down streets on donkeys and horses and one another with an absolute abandon which was interesting if not instructive. A letter of introduction which I carried to one of the prominent men of the place afforded me my first acquaintance with a West Indian magnate, who was not only very fat, but very black, and also very courteous as far as an exaggerated sense of dignity would permit him to unbend. I met several newspaper men, and found that they have a cable service which keeps them reasonably well informed of the news of the world. They also have politics of their own, having a legislative council which met for the first time in 1890; held its fifth meeting in Nevis in 1905, and then seems to have adjourned for nearly a hundred years, as it appears to have hardly met again until April, 1795. In 1637 the English population of St. Kitts was estimated at about 13,000, while that of Nevis was about 4,000. Again we got away back of our Canadian history and find the woolly politics of the West Indies a good deal older than in our wild and woolly West—though I prefer the kind of wooliness we have to the kind of



THE FAMOUS PITCH LAKE, TRINIDAD.

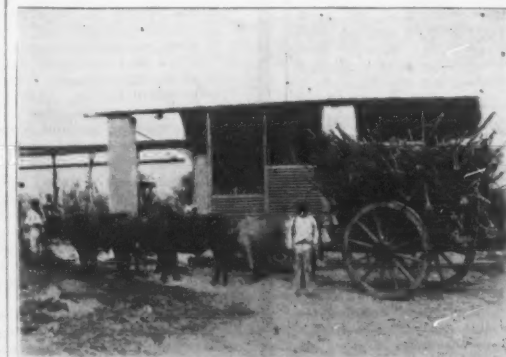
wooliness they imported from Africa in the slave ships of nearly three centuries ago. In 1656 the French, assisted by Irish malcontents and Indians from Dominica and St. Vincent, whom, in the words of an English account, "they used as their bloodhounds," attacked their neighbors in St. Kitts and conquered the whole island, "in part through the cowardice, if not the treachery, of some of the English leaders, who had been reinforced by 500 men from Nevis and 200 hard-fighting buccaniers." At the Peace of Breda, signed in 1667, the English part of the island was returned to its former owners.

This is but a touch of the romantic story of the fighting, capturing and returning of these islands from one nation to another, and I give it more to excite interest than to afford any definite information. Anyone desiring to read more fully and find fairly full information in Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," volume II. For a story full of interest and relating to the world hereabout I would recommend "The Conqueror" by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who takes as her hero Alexander Hamilton—one of the signers of the Declaration of (U.S.) Independence. Hamilton, of distinguished but illegitimate birth, was a native of this group of islands.

Comfort for the Jilted.

(By one of them.)

When a maid of beauty rarest
Steals your heart and brain away,
Then somehow forgets she stole them—
Leaves you loveless in a day;
Bind your broken heart together,
Grant your soul this soft reprieve;
There are thousands born so ugly
That they never will deceive.



NATIVE CARTING CANE TO THE SUGAR MILL.

self-contained within their coral ring, difficult to enter, secure when entered, a little English home between England and the Atlantic, the history of these islands is curiously attractive"—says the historian.

SABA.

St. Christopher's Island (St. Kitts) is 925 miles south of Bermuda, or about as far south as Halifax is north of Port Hamilton, and three and a half days can be reckoned as the



HOME OF THE VICTORIA REGIA, THE GIANT OF WATERLILIES.

well spent and should serve as a lesson in the importance to us of the protection we receive from the Mother Land at sea—a protection to which, by the way, we contribute nothing.

On Jan. 26, 1903, the s.s. "Dahome" (3,000 tons), steamed away from Pickford & Black's pier, the passengers taking a parting look at Halifax through the raw mists of the morning and shivering in spite of their heavy wraps. The assortment of passengers represented several different lines of business and many localities, the most conspicuous, of course, being the Imperial officers recently arrived from Great Britain, en route to Bermuda or returning to the southern station from a visit to the north. Several commercial men were going down to see their customers, and some of them were taking their wives along; several New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians had left

January, when the day spent on the island was bright and hot. Nassau, in the Bahamas group, is a favorite spot for Canadians who once used Bermuda, but Nassau is monotonous and humid, and I feel convinced that there are at least half a dozen places in the British West Indies better than either for those seeking health or pleasure. Both obtained their popularity by being the nearest points reachable from New York, and I don't wonder, for a trip to either from that port is certain to involve violent seasickness to all but the best sailors. Nassau is now reachable from a southern port, which cuts down the trip to a few hours; but this necessarily eliminates the benefit of a sea voyage, which amongst the islands, as I found in going about and making inquiries, is almost certain to be on the smoothest of seas. Of course there are

Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle

De Miracle

It is better than electricity, because it does not scar or produce a new growth. Better than X-ray, because it does not burn, scar or paralyze the tissues under the skin. Better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous; therefore, it will not cause blood poisoning, or produce eczema, which is so common with depilatories, and does not break off the hair, thereby increasing its growth.

Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and manufacturers. DE MIRACLE is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines.

DE MIRACLE will be mailed to any address, sealed in plain wrapper for \$1. Your money back without question if it fails to do all that is claimed for it.

Our booklet—the most complete treatise on Superfluous Hair ever published—containing the testimonials of numerous physicians and surgeons and of hundreds of others—will be sent free, in plain, sealed envelope, upon request. Write for it to-day to DE MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO., 23 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, or THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

FURRIERS

To H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES



Our Offering

STYLES varied enough to please the most fastidious. Stocks large enough to meet the needs of the exacting, and above all, quality that is faultless—the kind that always ensures satisfaction. With such an offering may we hope to see you in our show-rooms sometime?

Trimmed Persian Jackets \$110.00 --- \$190.00

Holt, Renfrew & Co.
5 King St. E.

MILLINERY

SMART
READY-TO-WEAR AND DRESS
HATS
of the latest New York designs

Harriott's Millinery
406 Spadina Ave.

"Remodelling." Prices reasonable.

OUR SPECIALS.

Business Suits, \$22.50
Overcoats, \$22.50
Trousers, \$5.00

WRITE US on a postal card for samples and self-measurement form.

Frank Broderick & Co.,
113 King St. West, Toronto

We are helping more than

Twelve Hundred

Young men and women each year to obtain a good start in life. Our graduates win good positions at good salaries. Our school, the

Central Business College

of Toronto, Ontario, with sixteen regular teachers, fine equipment, and the best courses in its COMMERCIAL, SHORTHAND and TELEGRAPH departments, offers superior advantages. Write for particulars to W. H. SHAW, Principal.

SOCIETY

The London golfing team included Miss Lorna Gibbons, the Misses Hyman, Miss Peters, Miss Biddome, Miss Mager, Miss Scotchard, Miss Hale, Miss Padden, Miss Belton. They played the Toronto Ladies' Hunt Club team, the St. Kitts team and the Buffalo team on their various links this week, being necessarily a bit hurried in their visits to each place. The weather was glorious for the opening day, Tuesday.

Miss Ardugh of Barrie has been on a visit at Cloynebrook for the past fortnight, and various pleasant little affairs were given in her honor. Her hostess, Miss Elaine Hodgins, is one of the season's pretty debutantes.

The fitting of the MacMahons from their charming home in Spadina avenue south of King to a house, also holding traditions, in Beverley street, has made many of the friends of His Honor Mr. Justice MacMahon and his bright and clever wife think with a chastened regret of the happy hours spent in the roomy, artistic precincts of the house that everyone delighted to visit. The new abode of Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon is at the north-east corner of Beverley and Baldwin streets, round about which locality are the homes of many of the smartest people in town.

On Monday Miss Mortimer Clark gave a little luncheon of six covers for Miss Brooke-Hunt, who was stopping at Government House, and the hostess chose the Toronto Golf Club as the place to lunch at, that the charming English girl might see the pretty links and clubhouse. The perfect day and congenial company, of which Miss Brooke-Hunt was the bright star, made the little affair very enjoyable.

Mrs. Nordheimer arranged a tea for Miss Brooke-Hunt on Monday afternoon which assembled the same company as were bidden, Imperialists all, to welcome her guest of honor the day her train was too late to permit her to attend the former tea. The Misses Nordheimer attended to the tea-table, which was set in the ballroom and done in white and gold.

Mrs. R. C. Steele, 99 Crescent road, will receive in future on the second and fourth Mondays.

Mrs. George B. Shaw held her post-nuptial reception last Thursday afternoon at her home, 160 Giesse avenue. Mrs. Shaw was assisted in the reception-room by Miss Shaw and Mrs. William Chisholm, and wore her beautiful wedding gown of ivory satin. The decorations of the reception-room were pink carnations, palms, ferns and smilax. While in the tea-room the table was most artistically arranged with a large basket of pink roses which rested on a beautiful center of pink silk and white tulle with rosebuds and maiden-hair ferns scattered about. The many callers in the tea-room were looked after by Mrs. S. Shaw, Miss Edith Kitchie, Mrs. James Watt and little Miss Kathleen Shaw. Mrs. Shaw will receive again on the second Thursday in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan and Miss Gretchen also, and Mr. Cassels are on pension at Mrs. C. Pierson's, 428 Jarvis street.

Mrs. Stephen Yarwood (formerly Edith Greene), who has been visiting her father, Mr. Columbus Greene, since June, has returned to her home and husband in Mexico. Mr. Yarwood was here also during the summer, which has been a happy one for Mr. Greene, as his daughter devoted her time entirely to him.

Mrs. William Lamont (nee Cosbie) will hold her post-nuptial receptions on the afternoon and evening of October 26 at her parents' home, 24 Rose avenue, where she and her husband are to reside this winter.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore is back in town and is at Maplehurst, the handsome home in St. George street purchased by Mr. Beardmore from the Cosbie estate. The house is being done over extensively, and will not be ready for the reception of friends for some time.

The first reception of the season will be held at Government House next Thursday afternoon from four to half-past six o'clock.

Madame Eugene Masson will receive on the second Tuesday in November and on each second Tuesday during the season.

The Misses Bege, those bright and bonnie sisters of Mrs. Harry Wyatt, whose visit has been so much enjoyed both by themselves and their friends, are returning immediately to Scotland, taking with them the regrets and regards of many.

Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield are at Miss McLaren's, 66 Isabella street. Mrs. Caulfield will receive the second Monday in the month during the season.

Artistic and Beautiful.

The use of electric light is becoming so general for house lighting in Toronto that it seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the many beautiful effects which may be had by the use of electric lighting in the home.

The Electric Light Company find, however, a very good purpose is being accomplished by having the art show-rooms in their new office building in Adelaide street east thrown open to the public. It is their intention to have an exhibit of the latest things in electric fixtures there, in order that Toronto people may have the benefit of a large variety of beautiful pieces to select from. Their wish is that everyone who takes an interest in the artistic and beautiful should call and see their display.

The Trinity College School Ladies' Guild will serve afternoon tea in the gallery of the Granite Bank during the Chrysanthemum Show beginning on Thanksgiving Day.



THOMAS G. SEABROOKE.

The star in "The Billionaire" at the Princess next week.

A Financial Dispute.

"OW, see here, dear," said Mrs. Glibb to her husband one evening when he had said that times were getting harder and harder. "I want to have a little talk with you and have you tell me just how we stand in regard to our finances."

"A woman should know something about her husband's business affairs, and how much he owes, and all that. It would help her in regulating her own expenses if she knew her husband was hard pressed or if his money affairs were in an easy condition. Now, I have a piece of paper and a pencil here, and I want to know just what our outstanding bills are and all the other things. Go ahead."

"Oh, don't bother about it, my dear." "But I think that I really ought to know just how we stand. Please tell me, dear."

"Well," said Glibb, with an air of resignation, "I owe fifty dollars for my winter suit, and—"

"Why, Henry Martin Van Buren Glibb! Do you mean to tell me that that winter suit isn't paid for yet? Of all things! I should think that you would really be ashamed of yourself wearing a unpaid suit all this time! I don't see how you can look your tailor in the face when you meet him! And it seems to me that fifty dollars is a perfectly dreadful price to pay for a suit, and I don't see how you can bear to wear a suit that isn't paid for. I wasn't brought up to run into debt nor to wear things that weren't paid for either, and I can't get used to it."

"My father would no more have worn a suit or a hat that wasn't paid for! 'Owe no man anything' was his motto, and he lived up to it. He paid cash down for everything he bought, and he didn't think it at all necessary to have a line, new suit every spring and fall and winter—far from it! When I was a good big girl he was still wearing for best the coat in which he was married, and there wasn't a more highly respected man in the town, nor one who went into better society or who was more looked up to by all classes."

"I thought when you had told me that you had ordered that suit that you didn't need it; but I knew that it would not be of the least use for me to say anything about it, so I kept still, as I always do when I really should speak out—and here now I find out that the suit isn't paid for even at this late day!"

"I was over to my brother Will's yesterday, and his wife said to him: 'Why don't you get a new suit, Will?' And he spoke right up and said: 'I can't afford it,' and I thought of your fine new suit and how much better the one

you had discarded was than the one brother was wearing because he was too honorable to wear a suit he could not pay cash for, and because he thinks of other things more than of his looks, and he isn't above wearing ready-made clothing. He had on a ready-made suit one day that he got at a mark-down fire-sale for twelve dollars and fifty cents, and it looked just as well as any fifty-dollar suit you ever had. I never would have known that it wasn't a tailor-made suit, and I can tell you that it was paid for before brother Will ever took it from the store! Yes, and my brother James—"

"Oh, I would leave the room if I was you! I would go hide my head for very shame because I had half-worn-out clothing on my back that wasn't paid for! This is one way it always is when I try to find out something about our financial affairs so that I can disburse money intelligently. Oh, but men are the most trying creatures! Sometimes I am almost wicked enough to wish that I had never been so foolish as to have married one of them!"

LEE JEFFERSON.



"Does your motor know you're out?" "Punch."

The Far Away Stars.

Speaking roughly, we have reason, from the data so far available, to believe that the stars of the Milky Way are scattered at a distance between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 times the distance from the sun. At distances less than this it seems likely that the stars are distributed through space with some approach to uniformity. . . . e may state as a general conclusion, indicated by several methods of making the estimate, that nearly all the stars which we can see with our telescope are contained within a sphere not likely to be much more than 200,000,000 times the distance of the sun. "The inquiring reader may here ask another question. Granting that all the stars that we can see are contained within this limit, may there not be any number of stars without the limit which are invisible only because they are too far away to be seen?"

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

It is proposed to open in "Saturday Night" a column wherein our readers may make known their wants, for the purpose of acquiring or disposing of all sorts of personal property or services, either by sale or exchange.

Circumstances sometimes render it advisable to dispose of an article of furniture which does not correspond with its surroundings, or, perhaps you have a household pet—dog, cat or canary—which you wish to part with, but for which, at the same time, you require a good home; or there may be something that you wish to get rid of and receive in return music or painting lessons. These and many other contingencies are provided for by a service such as "Saturday Night" is introducing, following out a plan adopted in Great Britain, where the demand for such a medium of sale and exchange is so great that there are papers devoted exclusively to this kind of advertising.

Method.—A person wishing to effect an exchange or sale through our columns, will send us a brief announcement, together with stamps or postal note in payment.

Charge.—Thirty words or less, 25 cents. Every additional word, 1 cent. For minor matters, such as the acquiring or disposal of postage stamp or coin collections, which may be briefly worded, a charge of 10 cents for ten words will be made.

Private Number.—If a subscriber should not wish his or her address published, he or she may request us to attach a number to the announcement, and all replies will then be addressed under cover to that number at our office, and forwarded by us free, or, if desired, we will endeavor to effect the transaction without introducing the negotiating parties to each other.

Address "Business" c. "Saturday Night"
26-28 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO.

The Decline of Parental Respect.

A RECENT writer is convinced that the all-prevailing pertness and unfailing readiness to lead the conversation even when their elders are present on the part of the youth of to-day is largely due to the style of dress in vogue among the young. No one will attempt to deny that dress affects the manners and even the morals of the young, and who can doubt that if the boys of our day were clad in the chaste and simple "barn-door" trousers and the hickory shirts and buttoned jean-jackets of their grandfathers' day they would be more subdued and less giddy in their manners? And few will deny that if our girls were again made to appear in that simple and also chaste garment, the pantalet, and the flat sunbonnet and simple garter shoe of other days they would be so influenced by this style of dress that their conduct would be entirely different from what it is in the garb affected by the girl of the present. If dress reformers could again introduce the "barn-door" style of trousers for boys, and the pantalet and garter shoe for girls, possibly the young people thus arrayed would return to the style of conversation to be found in the blue-covered school readers of half a century ago. Suitably garbed, the sons and daughters of to-day might again address their parents in this wise:

"Good morning, my kind father. Is it not a very beautiful day? As nature seems to rejoice I have risen early that I might walk forth to view the landscape in its early morning beauty."

"You have done well, my dear child. It gratifies my heart to observe your determination not to be slothful in rising. I trust that my child will ever be mindful of the value of diligence, and that both mind and heart will ever be filled with that which is pleasing in the eyes of our Creator. It also gratifies me to observe that you are sensible of the beauty of the universe."

"I trust, my kind parent, that I may ever be mindful of that, and that I may also ever remember my duty to you. Here comes my kind mother. I shall run and greet her. Will you not accompany me, my kind father?"

"That I will, and right gladly, my dear son. Ah! Your little sister is with your kind mother. Let us hasten to them. Will you not take my hand?"

"That I will, if I may be permitted to do so, my kind parent. Good morning, my dear mother and my sweet sister. Is not the face of nature beautiful this morning?"

"That it is, my son. Hark! It is the song of the little birds singing praises to their Creator. I trust that my children are mindful of who made all the beauty."

"That I am, dear mother, and I trust that I may ever be thus mindful. Will not my mother repeat for me that beautiful hymn that she so sweetly recited yesterday?"

"It will give me pleasure to sing that beautiful hymn for you when we have partaken of our morning repast, which I think must now await us."

"Thank you, my kind mother. May I not take your hand while we proceed to the house?"

"Yes, my son, and you may give your other hand to your dear sister. Ah! There is our faithful Jane coming to announce that our morning repast awaits us. We have anticipated your coming."

"That you have, my dear mistress. May I serve you in any way?"

"I think not, my faithful Jane. You may return to your duties, and I shall ring the bell if I require your services, knowing as I do that it is a joy for you to serve me with fidelity."

"That it is, my dear mistress."

Contrast this manner of conversation with that of the "kids" of our own time, and then contrast the sweater, the high-heeled shoe, the cart-wheel hat, the knee-breeches and the general guidelines of the dress of to-day with the hickory shirt and the pantalet of our forebears.

MORRIS WADE.

Cigarette Smoking on the Increase.

It is stated by the leading tobaccoists of the city that never before were Toronto smokers so strongly disposed to favor cigarettes as at present—and particularly does this statement apply to the high-grade goods imported from Egypt. Of course, the demand for such cigarettes is only felt by such dealers as Goldstein and a few others. The firm mentioned is meeting this demand with an Egyptian line which they import exclusively, made by Evangel Christou in Cairo. It is safe to predict that within a few weeks Christou cigarettes will be used by most of the cigarette connoisseurs of Toronto—for Mr. Goldstein is authority for the assertion that a finer line of cigarettes was never brought into Canada.

To California

Via Union Pacific. Millions have been spent in the improvement of this line, and all human ingenuity has been adopted to protect its patrons against accident. The line is renowned for its fast trains and the general superiority of its service and equipment. Fastest time, shortest line, smoothest track. Tourist sleepers a specialty. Inquire of H. F. Carter, T.P.A., 14 James Building, Toronto, Canada, or F. B. Choate, G.A., 125 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Stackhouse, 166 King street west, has returned from a business trip to Chicago.

"Cafe-Parlor and Dining Cars."

Experience has shown the wisdom of the Grand Trunk in keeping up high standard of service in this branch of their business.

Their motto, "The best of everything at popular prices," has won out, as the increasing number of patrons shows. Beautiful cars, spotless linen, elegant silverware, good cooking and prompt and attentive service make it a delight to enjoy a meal over a first-class road-bed, while rolling along at a 50 and 60 mile gait.

This service can be enjoyed out of Toronto on 9 a.m. train for Montreal, 8 a.m. and 4.40 p.m. for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis, 4.10 and 8 p.m. for Niagara Falls and Buffalo, 1.45 p.m. for North Bay. "See that your tickets read via Grand Trunk Railway System."

For full information at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.



Ruchings, Ruffles, Flounces
and all kinds of fancy stitching. Orders receive prompt attention.

A. E. Rea & Co.

Limited
20 and 22 Wellington St. West
Toronto.
Phone Main 2552.



Treatments for the Hair

Scalp, Face, Neck
Hands and Figure

IS your hair falling, getting gray, oily or greasy, lifeless? Is your scalp dandruff? Our treatments are what you require.

DON'T you want those lines and wrinkles removed; that dry, faded complexion restored; your skin cleared of eczema, pimples, blackheads and discolorations? Our treatments will do it.

ARE you aware that no one in Toronto can equal our treatments? Is your neck thin or figure undeveloped? Our treatments will do wonders for you.

ARE your hands nice? If red and rough with hangnails and bad unsightly nail, call and see our expert manicurists.

DO your feet bother you? No one can relieve you as quickly as our Chiropodist.

WE have treatments for Superfluous Hair, Moles, Birthmarks, Pockmarks, or any marks or blemish on, in or under the skin or scalp. Send for our handsome booklet and sample of cream.

Graham Dermatological Institute
502 Church St., Toronto
Dept. H. Tel.-N. 1695. Est'd. 1892



Some new designs in...

Bohemian Glass

Suitable for
Wedding Gifts

WILLIAM JUNOR 88 WEST KING ST., TORONTO.



Conlan Bros.

Importers of Wall-Papers
Interior Decorations
Room Moulding, etc.

Painters and Decorators
Designers Fresco Painters

SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
28 Adelaide St. West
Studio Phone M. 4031.

The House of the Dead Hand

By EDITH WHARTON.

"**A**BOVE all," the letter ended, "don't leave Siena, without seeing Doctor Lombard's Leonardo. Lombard is a queer old Englishman, a mystic or a madman (if the two are not synonymous), and a devout student of the Italian Renaissance. He has lived for years in Italy, exploring its remotest corners, and has lately picked up an undoubted Leonardo, which came to light in a farmhouse near Bergamo. It is believed to be one of the missing pictures mentioned by Vasari, and is at any rate, according to the most competent authorities, a genuine and almost untouched example of the best period. Lombard is a queer stick, and jealous of showing his treasures; but we struck up a friendship when I was working on the Sodomas in Siena three years ago, and if you will give him the enclosed line you may get a peep at the Leonardo. Probably not more than a peep, though. I hear he refuses to have it reproduced. I want badly to use it in my monograph on the Windsor drawings, so please see what you can do for me, and if you can't persuade him to let you take a photograph or make a sketch, at least jot down a detailed description of the picture and get from him all the facts you can. I hear that the French and Italian governments have offered him a large advance on his purchase, but that he refuses to sell at any price, though he certainly can't afford such luxuries; in fact, I don't see where he got enough money to buy the picture. He lives in the Via Papa Giulio."

Wyant sat at the table d'hôte of his hotel, re-reading his friend's letter over a late luncheon. He had been five days in Siena without having found time to call on Doctor Lombard; not from any indifference to the opportunity presented, but because it was his first visit to the strange red city and he was still under the spell of its more conspicuous wonders—the brick palaces flinging out their wrought-iron torch-holders with a gesture of arrogant suzerainty; the great council-chamber emblazoned with civic allegories; the pageant of Pope Julius on the Library walls; the Sodomas smiling balefully from the dusk of mouldering cloisters—and it was only when his first hunger was appeased that he remembered that one course in the banquet was still untasted.

He put the letter in his pocket and turned to leave the room, with a nod to its only other occupant, an olive-skinned young man with lustrous eyes and a low collar, who sat on the other side of the table, perusing the "Famula di Domini." This gentleman, his daily vis-à-vis returned the nod with a languid eloquence of gesture, and Wyant passed on to the ante-chamber, where he paused to light a cigarette. He was just restoring the rose to his pocket when he heard a hurried step behind him, and the lustrous-eyed young man advanced through the glass doors of the dining-room.

"Pardoned me, sir," he said in measured English, and with an intonation of exquisite politeness; "you have let this letter fall."

Wyant, recognizing his friend's note of introduction to Doctor Lombard, took it with a word of thanks, and was about to turn away when he perceived that the eyes of his fellow diner remained fixed on him with a gaze of melancholy interrogation.

"Again pardon me," the young man said at length tentatively, "but are you by chance the friend of the illustrious Doctor Lombard?"

"No," returned Wyant, with the instinctive Anglo-Saxon distrust of foreign advances. Then, fearing to appear rude, he said with a guarded politeness: "Perhaps, by the way, you can tell me the number of his house. I see it is not given here."

The young man brightened perceptibly. "The number of the house is thirteen; but anyone can indicate it to you—it is well known in Siena. It is called," he continued after a moment, "the House of the Dead Hand."

Wyant stared. "What a queer name!" he said.

"The name comes from an antique hand of marble which for many hundred years has been above the door."

Wyant was turning away with a gesture of thanks, when the other added: "If you would have the kindness to ring twice."

"To ring twice?"

"At the doctor's." The young man smiled. "It is the custom."

It was a dazzling March afternoon, with a shower of sun from the mid-blue, and a marshalling of slaty clouds behind the umber-colored hills. For nearly an hour Wyant lingered on the Piazza, watching the shadows race across the naked landscape and the thunder blacken in the west; then he decided to set out for the House of the Dead Hand. The map in his guidebook showed him that the Via Papa Giulio was one of the streets which radiate from the Piazza, and thither he bent his course, pausing at every other step to fill his eye with some fresh image of weather-beaten beauty. The clouds had rolled upward, obscuring the sunshine and hanging like a funeral baldaquin above the projecting cornices of Doctor Lombard's street, and Wyant would for some distance in the shade of the heeling palace face before his eyes fell on a doorway surmounted by a low marble band. He stood for a moment staring up at the strange emblem. The hand was a woman's—a dead drooping hand, which hung there convulsed and helpless, as though it had been thrust forth in denunciation of some evil mystery within the house, and had sunk struggling into death.

A girl who was drawing water from the well in the court said that the English doctor lived on the first floor, and Wyant, passing through a glassed door, mounted the steep degrees of a vaulted stairway with a creak on the landing. Facing the Aesculapian was another door, and as Wyant put his hand on the bell-rune he remembered his unknown friend's injunction, and rang twice.

His ring was answered by a peasant woman with a low forehead and small close-set eyes, who, after a prolonged scrutiny of himself, his card, and his letter of introduction, left him standing in a high, cold ante-chamber floored with

brick. He heard her wooden pattens click down an interminable corridor, and after some delay she returned and told him to follow her.

They passed through a long saloon, bare as the ante-chamber, but lofty vaulted, and frescoed with a seventeenth-century Triumph of Scipio or Alexander—marital figures following Wyant with the filmed melancholy gaze of shades in limbo. At the end of this apartment he was admitted to a smaller room, with the same atmosphere of mortal cold, but showing more obvious signs of occupancy. The walls were covered with tapestry which had faded to the gray-brown tints of decaying vegetation, so that the young man felt as though he were entering a sunless autumn wood. Against these hangings stood a few tall cabinets on heavy gilt feet, and at a table in the window three persons were seated: an elderly lady who was warming her hands over a brazier, a girl bent above a strip of needle-work, and an old man.

As the latter advanced toward Wyant, the young man was conscious of starting with unseemly intentness at his small round-backed figure, dressed with shabby disorder and surmounted by a wonderful head, lean, vulpine, eagle-beaked as that of some art-loving despot of the Renaissance; a head combining the venerable hair and large prominent eyes of the humanist with the greedy profile of the adventurer. Wyant, in musing on the Italian portrait-medals of the fifteenth century, had often fancied that only in that period of fierce individualism could types so paradoxical have been produced; yet the subtle craftsman who carved the bronze had never drawn a face more strangely stamped with contradictory passions than that of Doctor Lombard.

"I am glad to see you," he said to Wyant, extending a hand which seemed a mere framework held together by knitted veins. "We lead a quiet life here and receive few visitors, but any friend of Professor Clyde's is welcome."

Then, with a gesture which included the two women, he added dryly: "My wife and daughter often talk of Professor Clyde."

"Oh yes—he used to make me such nice toast; they don't understand a thing in Italy," said Mrs. Lombard in a high, plaintive voice.

It would have been difficult, from Doctor Lombard's manner and appearance, to guess his nationality; but his wife was so inconspicuously and ineradicably English that even the silhouette of her cap seemed a protest against Continental luxuries. She was a stout fair woman with pale cheeks netted with red lines. A brooch with a miniature portrait sustained a bogwood watch-chain upon her bosom, and at her elbow lay a heap of knitting and an old copy of "The Queen."

The young girl, who had remained standing, was a slim replica of her mother, with an apple-cheeked face and opaque blue eyes. Her small head was perched on a mass of braids of dull fair hair, and she might have had a kind of transient prettiness but for the sullen droop of her round mouth. It was hard to say whether her expression implied ill-temper or shyness; but Wyant was struck by the contrast between the fierce vitality of the doctor's age and the inanimateness of his daughter's youth.

Seating himself in the chair which his host advanced, the young man tried to open the conversation by addressing to Mrs. Lombard some random remark on the beauties of Siena. The lady murmured a resigned assent, and Doctor Lombard interposed with a smile: "My dear sir, my wife considers Siena a most suburban spot, and is favorably impressed by the cheapness of the market; but she deplores the total absence of muffins and canned corn, and cannot resist herself to the Italian method of dusting furniture."

"But they don't, you know—they don't dust it!" Mrs. Lombard protested without showing any resentment of her husband's manner.

"Precisely—they don't dust it. Since we have had the cobwebs removed from the battlements of the Mangia, can you conceive of such housekeeping? My wife has never yet dared to write it home to her aunts at Bonchurch."

Mrs. Lombard accepted in silence this remarkable statement of her views, and with a malicious smile, at Wyant's embarrassment, planted herself suddenly before the young man.

"And now," said she, "do you want to see my Leonardo?"

"Do!" cried Wyant, on his feet in a flash.

The doctor chuckled. "Ah," he said, with a kind of cunning deliberation, "that's the way they all behave—that's what they all come for." He turned to his daughter with another variation of mockery in his smile. "Don't fancy it's for your beaux yeux, my dear; or for the mature charms of Mrs. Lombard," he added, glancing suddenly at his wife, who had taken up her knitting and was softly murmuring over the number of her stitches.

Neither lady appeared to notice his pleasantness, and he continued, addressing himself to Wyant: "They all come—they all come; but many are called and few are chosen." His voice sank to solemnity. "While I live," he said, "no unworthy eye shall desecrate that picture. But I will not do my friend Clyde the injustice to suppose that he would send an unworthy representative. He tells me he wishes a description of the picture for his book; and you shall describe it to him—if you can."

Wyant hesitated, not knowing whether it was a propitious moment to put in his appeal for a photograph.

"Well, sir," he said, "you know Clyde wants me to take away all I can of it."

Doctor Lombard eyed him sardonically. "You're welcome to take away all you can carry," he replied; adding, as he turned to his daughter: "That is, if he has your permission, Sybilla."

The girl rose without a word, and laying aside her work took a key from a secret drawer in one of the cabinets while the doctor continued in the same tone of grim jocularity: "For you must know that the picture is not mine—it is my daughter's."

He followed with evident amusement the surprised glance which Wyant turned

on the young girl's impassive figure.

"Sybilla," he pursued, "is a votary of the arts; she has inherited her fond father's passion for the unattainable. Luckily, however, she also recently inherited a tidy legacy from her grandmother; and having seen the Leonardo, on which its discoverer had placed a price far beyond my reach, she took a step which deserves to go down to history: she invested her whole inheritance in the purchase of the picture, thus enabling me to spend my closing years in communion with one of the world's masterpieces. My dear sir, could Antigone do more?"

The object of this strange eulogy had meanwhile drawn aside one of the tapestry hangings, and fitted her key into a concealed door.

"Come," said Doctor Lombard, "let us go before the light falls us."

Wyant glanced at Mrs. Lombard, who continued to knit impassively.

"No, no," said his host, "my wife will not come with us. You might not suspect it from her conversation, but my wife has no feeling for art—Italian art, that is; for no one is fonder of our early Victorian school."

"Fifth's Railway Station, you know," said Mrs. Lombard, smiling. "I like an animated picture."

Miss Lombard, who had unlocked the door, held back the tapestry to let her father and Wyant pass out; then she followed them down a narrow stone passage with another door at its end. This door was iron-barred, and Wyant noticed that it had a complicated patent lock. The girl fitted another key into the lock, and Doctor Lombard led the way into a small room. The dark paneling of this apartment was irradiated by streams of yellow light slanting through the disheveled thunder clouds, and in the central brightness hung a picture concealed by a curtain of faded velvet.

"A little too bright, Sybilla," said Doctor Lombard. His face had grown solemn, and his mouth twitched nervously as his daughter drew a linen drape across the upper part of the window.

"That will do—that will do," he turned impressively to Wyant. "Do you see the pomegranate bud in this rug? Place yourself there—keep your left foot on it, please. And now, Sybilla, draw the cord."

Miss Lombard advanced and placed her hand on a cord hidden behind the velvet curtain.

"Ah," said the doctor, "one moment. I should like you, while looking at the picture, to try to find a few lines of verse, Sybilla."

Without the slightest change of countenance, and with a promptness which proved her to be prepared for the request, Miss Lombard began to recite, in a full round voice like her mother's, St. Bernard's invocation to the Virgin, in the thirty-third canto of the "Paradise."

"Thank you, my dear," said her father, drawing a deep breath as she ended. "That unapproachable combination of vowel sounds prepares one better than anything I know for the contemplation of the picture."

As he spoke the folds of velvet slowly parted, and the Leonardo appeared in its frame of tarnished gold.

From the nature of Miss Lombard's recitation Wyant had expected a sacred subject, and his surprise was therefore great as the composition was gradually revealed by the widening division of the curtain.

In the background steel-covered river wound through a pale calcareous landscape; while to the left, on a lonely peak, a crucified Christ hung blind against indigo clouds. The central figure of the foreground, however, was that of a woman seated in an antique chair of marble with bas-reliefs of dancing maenads. Her feet rested on a mosaic sprinkled with minute wild flowers, and her attitude of smiling majesty recalled that of Dosso Dossi's Cleo. She wore a red robe, flowing in closely fluted lines from under a fancifully embroidered cloak. Above her high forehead the crinkled golden hair flowed sideways beneath a veil; one hand dropped on the arm of her chair; the other held up an inverted human skull, into which a young Dionysus, smooth, brown and sidelong as the St. John of the Louvre, poured a stream of wine from a high-poised flagon. At the lady's feet lay the symbols of art and luxury: a flute and a roll of music, a platter heaped with grapes and roses, the torso of a Greek statuette, and a bowl overflowing with coins and jewels; behind her, on the chalky hilltop, hung the crucified Christ. A scroll in a corner of the foreground bore the legend: "Lux Mundi."

Wyant, emerging from the first plunge of wonder, turned inquiringly toward his companions. Neither had moved. Miss Lombard stood with her hand on the cord; her lids lowered, her mouth drooping; the doctor, his strange Thoth-like profile turned toward his guest, was still lost in rapt contemplation of his treasure.

Wyant addressed the young girl. "You are fortunate," he said, "to be the possessor of anything so perfect."

"It is considered very beautiful," she said coldly.

"Beautiful—beautiful!" the doctor burst out. "Ah, the poor, worn-out, overworked word! There are no adjectives in the language fresh enough to describe such pristine brilliancy; nor their brightness has been worn off by misuse. Think of the things that have been called beautiful, and then look at that!"

"It is worthy of a new vocabulary," Wyant agreed.

"Yes," Doctor Lombard continued, "my daughter is indeed fortunate. She has chosen what Catholics call the higher life—the counsel of perfection. What other private person enjoys the same opportunity of understanding the master?"

Who else lives under the same roof with an untouched masterpiece of Leonardo's? Think of the happiness of being always under the influence of such a creation; of living into it; of partaking of it in daily and hourly communion! This room is a chapel; the sight of that picture is a sacrament. What an atmosphere for a young life to unfold itself in! My daughter is singularly blessed, Sybilla, point out some of the details to Mr.

Queen Quality

Fall and Winter Shoe Fashions

Queen Quality is designed and finished for the extremely particular—everything about it denotes a high order of manufacture.

Its accurate fit and correct fashioning stamp an impression of worth upon its wearers—hence, its splendid reputation.



Boots
\$3.75
THE PAIR

A few
Specials
\$4.00

A Dozen Reasons. There are a dozen reasons for buying "Queen Quality" Shoes—but your own comfort is excuse enough—it eases the foot because it fits it.

Fall designs for every need are now being shown—we invite your critical examination.

H. H. FUDGER, President.
J. WOOD, Manager.

Sold Exclusively
at this Store.

ADDRESS
DEPT. S.N.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
LIMITED

TORONTO, CAN.

Boy Agents

Are making a Success of Selling

"Toronto Saturday Night"



THEY are our best circulators. It provides them with pocket-money—frequently with a means of support, help towards an education, or the foundation of a start in business.

You may not be a boy, but you may know some boy who would like to profit by this opportunity. Tell him to apply for an agency for "Toronto Saturday Night."

Agents wanted all over Canada. Room for all. Write Circulation Dept.

"Toronto Saturday Night"



Dainty Skin

is a precious possession. It is made and kept dainty by

'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'

No imitation can bear the 'Darting'.

No imitation can be called 'Darting'.

Demand the genuine 'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in collapsible tubes.

'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP.

BEST QUALITY

COAL and WOOD

AT LOWEST PRICES
List of Offices

3 KING EAST
415 Yonge Street
576 Queen Street West
415 Spadina Avenue
294 Wellesley Street
Kensington East, near Berkeley Street
Esplanade East, Foot of Church Street
Haiturst Street, opposite Front Street
Pape Ave. at G.T.R. Crossing
Yonge Street, at G.T.R. Crossing
Lansdowne Ave., Near Dundas Street
Cor. Dufferin and Bloor Streets

The ELIAS ROGERS CO.
LIMITED.



PARTICULAR PEOPLE

BABY'S OWN SOAP

used by particular people both young and old. Keeps the skin soft, clear and white.

No other Soap is just as Good. 334

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

When you can't help going in late walk up lightly on

DUNLOP COMFORT RUBBER HEELS

MADE BY THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LIMITED TORONTO

"Comfort" Heels give uniformly good wear

The Revolutionizing of the Cracker

Mooney revolutionized the cracker. He made folk admit that they never knew how good crackers could be, by making such delicious crackers as they had never tasted before. Then he set folk to eating Mooney's crackers who'd never eaten crackers before. In a year he had all Canada eating

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

You'll see why when you try them. Haven't you curiosity enough to buy a box at your grocer's?

COX'S

INSTANT POWDERED GELATINE

A Delightful Novelty.

The most rapidly dissolving Gelatine ever produced. Clear in solution, of great strength, and always uniform. For quick handling it is unequalled. Requires no soaking. It dissolves instantly on hot water being applied. Saves time and labour.

Always Trustworthy.

It is the same Gelatine as Cox's Sparkling Gelatine but in a finely powdered form.

Agents for Canada: C. E. COLEMAN & SONS, Montreal, D. B. BROWN & CO., Toronto, ARTHUR P. TUPPET & CO., Toronto, R. J. JONES, N.B., and Montreal.

To the World's Fair

ST. LOUIS

Over the Wabash Line

The World's Fair is a grand success. In all probability, none now living will see anything of its character approaching it in grandeur at a magnitude, and the great Wabash is the best route to go by, because it saves many hours of travel and lands passengers right at the main entrance World's Fair grounds before going to Union Depot. Excursion tickets on sale daily until Dec. 1st. Passengers leaving Toronto on evening trains arrive at World's Fair grounds next day at noon. For time-tables, descriptive folder, address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

young man, but bow your head in thankfulness for having seen it!"

Miss Lombard laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't excite yourself, father," she said in the detached tone of a professional nurse.

He answered with a despairing gesture. "Ah, it's easy for you to talk. You have years and years to spend with it; I am an old man, and every moment counts!"

"It's bad for you," she repeated with gentle obstinacy.

The doctor's sacred fury had in fact burnt itself out. He dropped into a seat with dull eyes and slackening lips, and his daughter drew the curtain across the picture.

Wyant turned away reluctantly. He felt that his opportunity was slipping from him, yet he dared not refer to Clyde's wish for a photograph. He now understood the meaning of the laugh with which Doctor Lombard had given him leave to carry away all the details he could remember. The picture was so dazzling, so unexpected, so crossed with elusive and contradictory suggestions, that the most alert observer, when placed suddenly before it, must lose his co-ordinating faculty in a sense of confused wonder. Yet how valuable to Clyde the record of such a work would be! In some ways it seemed to be the summing up of the master's thought, the key to his enigmatic philosophy.

The doctor had risen and was walking slowly toward the door. His daughter unlocked it, and Wyant followed them back in silence to the room in which they had left Mrs. Lombard. That lady was no longer there, and he could think of no excuse for lingering.

He thanked the doctor, and turned to Miss Lombard, who stood in the middle of the room as though awaiting further orders.

"It is very good of you," he said, "to allow me even a glimpse of such a treasure."

She looked at him with her odd directness. "You will come again?" she said quickly, and turning to her father she added: "You know what Professor Clyde asked. This gentleman cannot give him any account of the picture without seeing it again."

Doctor Lombard glanced at her vaguely; he was still like a person in a trance. "Oh?" he said, rousing himself with an effort.

"I said, father, that Mr. Wyant must see the picture again if he is to tell Professor Clyde about it," Miss Lombard repeated with extraordinary precision of tone.

Wyant was silent. He had the puzzled sense that his wishes were being divided and gratified for reasons with which he was in no way connected.

"Well, well," the doctor muttered, "I don't say no—I don't say no. I know what Clyde wants—I don't refuse to help him." He turned to Wyant. "You may come again—you may make notes," he added with a sudden effort. "But don't what occurs to you. I'm willing to concede that."

Wyant again caught the girl's eye, but its emphatic message perplexed him.

"You're very good," he said tentatively, "but the fact is the picture is so mysterious—so full of complicated detail—that I'm afraid no notes I could make would serve Clyde's purpose as well as—as a photograph, say. If you would allow me—"

Miss Lombard's brow darkened, and her father raised his head furiously.

"A photograph? A photograph, did you say? Good God, man, not ten people here are allowed to set foot in that room! A photograph?"

Wyant saw his mistake, but saw also that he had gone too far to retreat.

"I know, sir, from what Clyde has told me, that you object to having any reproduction of the picture published; but he hoped you might let me take a photograph for his personal use—not to be reproduced in his book, but simply to let him have something to work by. I should take the photograph myself, and the negative would of course be yours. If you wished it, only one impression would be struck off, and that one Clyde could return to you when he had done with it."

Doctor Lombard interrupted him with a snarl. "When he had done with it? Just so: I think there for that word! When it had been re-photographed, drawn, traced, autographed, passed about from hand to hand, defiled by every ignorant eye in England, vulgarized by the blundering praise of every art-scribbler in Europe! Pah! I'd as soon give you the picture itself: why don't you ask for that?"

"Well, sir," said Wyant calmly, "if you will trust me with it, I'll engage to take it safely to England and back, and to let no eye but Clyde's see it while it is out of your keeping."

The doctor received this remarkable proposal in silence; then he burst into a laugh.

"Upon my soul!" he said with sardonic good humor.

It was Miss Lombard's turn to look perplexed at Wyant. His last words and her father's unexpected reply had evidently carried her beyond her depth.

"Well, sir, am I to take the picture?" Wyant smilingly pursued.

"No, young man;—a photograph of it. Nor a sketch, either; mind that—nothing that can be reproduced. Sybilla, he cried with sudden passion, 'swear to me that the picture shall never be reproduced! No photograph, no sketch—now or afterwards! Do you hear me?'"

"Yes, father," said the girl quietly.

"The vandals," he muttered, "the desecrators of beauty; if I thought it would ever get into their hands I'd burn it first, by God!" He turned to Wyant, speaking more quietly. "I said you might come back—I never retract what I say. But you must give me your word that no one but Clyde shall see the notes you make."

Wyant was growing warm.

"If you won't trust me with a photograph I wonder you trust me not to show my notes!" he exclaimed.

The doctor looked at him with a malicious smile.

"Humph!" he said; "would they be of much use to anybody?"

Wyant saw that he was losing ground and controlled his impatience.

"To Clyde, I hope, at any rate," he answered, holding out his hand. The doctor shook it without a trace of resentment, and Wyant added: "When shall I come, sir?"

"To-morrow—to-morrow morning," cried Miss Lombard, speaking suddenly.

She looked fixedly at her father, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"The picture is here," he said to Wyant.

In the ante-chamber the young man was met by the woman who had admitted

him. She handed him his hat and stick, and turned to unbar the door. As the bolt slipped back he felt a touch on his arm.

"You have a letter?" she said in a low tone.

"A letter?" He stared. "What letter?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and drew back to let him pass.

II.

As Wyant emerged from the house he paused once more to glance up at its scarred brick facade. The marble hand dropped tragically above the entrance; in the wan light it seemed to have relaxed into the passiveness of despair, and Wyant stood musing on its hidden meaning. But the Dead Hand was not the only mysterious thing about Doctor Lombard's house. What were the relations between Miss Lombard and her father? Above all, between Miss Lombard and her picture? She did not look like a person capable of a disinterested passion for the arts; and there had been moments when it struck Wyant that she hated the picture.

The sky at the end of the street was flooded with turbulent yellow light, and the young man turned his steps toward the church of San Domenico, in the hope of catching the lingering brightness on Sodoma's St. Catherine.

The great bare aisles were almost dark when he entered, and he had to grope his way to the chapel steps. Under the momentary evocation of the sunset, the saint's figure emerged pale and swooning from the dusk, and the warm light gave a sensual tinge to her ecstasy. The flesh seemed to glow and heave, the eyelids to tremble; Wyant stood fascinated by the accidental collaboration of light and color.

Suddenly he noticed that something white had fluttered to the ground at his feet. He stooped and picked up a small thin sheet of note-paper, folded and sealed like an old-fashioned letter, and bearing the inscription—

"To the Count Ottaviano Celsi."

Wyant stared at this mysterious document. Where had it come from? He was distinctly conscious of having seen it fall through the air, close to his feet. He glanced up at the dark ceiling of the chapel; then he turned and looked about the church. There was only one figure in it, that of a man who knelt near the high altar.

Suddenly Wyant recalled the question of Doctor Lombard's maid-servant. Was this the letter she had asked for? Had he been unconsciously carrying it about with him all the afternoon? Who was Count Ottaviano Celsi, and how came Wyant to have been chosen to act as that nobleman's ambulant letter-box?

Wyant laid his hat and stick on the chapel steps and began to explore his pockets, in the irrational hope of finding there some clue to the mystery; but he held nothing which he had not himself put there, and he was reduced to wondering how the letter, supposing some unknown hand to have bestowed it on him, had happened to fall out while he stood motionless before the picture.

At this point he was disturbed by a step on the floor of the aisle, and turning, he saw his lustrous-eyed neighbor of the table d'hôte.

The young man bowed and waved an apologetic hand.

"I do not intrude?" he inquired suavely.

Without waiting for a reply, he mounted the steps of the chapel, glancing about him with the affable air of an afternoon caller.

"I see," he remarked with a smile, "that you know the hour at which our saint should be visited."

Wyant agreed that the hour was indeed felicitous.

The stranger stood beamingly before the picture.

"What grace! What poetry!" he murmured, extolling the St. Catherine, and letting his glance slip rapidly about the chapel as he spoke.

Wyant, detecting the manoeuvre, murmured a brief assent.

"But it is cold here—mortally cold; you do not find it so?" The intruder put on his hat. "It is permitted at this hour—when the church is empty. And you, my dear sir—do you not feel the dampness? You are an artist, are you not? And to artists it is permitted to cover the head when they are engaged in the study of the paintings."

He darted suddenly toward the steps and bent over Wyant's hat.

"Permit me—cover yourself!" he said a moment later, holding out the hat with an ingratiating gesture.

A light flashed on Wyant.

"Perhaps," he said, looking straight at the young man, "you will tell me your name. My own is Wyant."

The stranger, surprised, but not disconcerted, drew forth a coroneted card which he offered with a low bow. On the card was engraved—

"Il Conte Ottaviano Celsi."

"I am much obliged to you," said Wyant; "and I may as well tell you that the letter which you apparently expected to find in the lining of my hat is not there, but in my pocket."

He drew it out and handed it to its owner, who had grown very pale.

"And now," Wyant continued, "you will perhaps be good enough to tell me what all this means."

There was no mistaking the effect produced on Count Ottaviano by this request. His lips moved, but he achieved only an ineffectual smile.

"I suppose you know," Wyant went on, his anger rising at the sight of the other's discomfiture, "that you have taken an unwarrantable liberty. I don't yet understand what part I have been made to play, but it's evident that you have made use of me to serve some purpose of your own, and I propose to know the reason why."

Count Ottaviano advanced with an imploring gesture.

"Sir," he pleaded, "you permit me to speak?"

"I expect you to," cried Wyant. "But not here," he added, hearing the clink of the verger's keys. "It is growing dark, and we shall be turned out in a few minutes."

He walked across the church, and Count Ottaviano followed him out into the deserted square.

"Now," said Wyant, pausing on the steps.

The Count, who had regained some measure of self-possession, began to speak in a high key, with an accompaniment of conciliatory gesture.

"My dear sir—my dear Mr. Wyant—you find me in an abnormal position—that, as a man of honor, I immediately confess. I have taken advantage of you—yes! I have counted on your ami-

ability, your chivalry—too far, perhaps? I confess it; But what could I do? It was to oblige a lady"—he laid a hand on his heart—"a lady whom I would die to serve!" He went on with increasing volubility, his deliberate English swept away by a torrent of Italian, through which Wyant, with some difficulty, struggled to a comprehension of the case.

Count Ottaviano, according to his own statement, had come to Siena some months previously, on business connected with his mother's property; the paternal estate being near Orvieto, of which ancient city his father was syndic. Soon after his arrival in Siena the young Count had met the incomparable daughter of Doctor Lombard, and falling deeply in love with her, had prevailed on his parents to ask her hand in marriage.

Doctor Lombard had not opposed his suit, but when the question of settlements arose it became known that Miss Lombard, who was possessed of a small property in her own right, had a short time before visited the whole amount in the purchase of the Bergamo Leonardo. Thereupon Count Ottaviano's parents had politely suggested that she should sell the picture and thus recover her independence; and this proposal being met by a curt refusal from Doctor Lombard, they had withdrawn their consent to their son's marriage. The young lady's attitude had hitherto been one of passive submission; she was horribly afraid of her father, and would never venture openly to oppose him; but she had made known to Ottaviano her intention of not giving him up, of waiting patiently till events should take a more favorable turn. She seemed hardly aware, the Count said with a sigh, that the means of escape lay in her own hands; that she was of age, and had a right to sell the picture, and to marry without asking her father's consent. Meanwhile her suitors spared no pains to keep him before her, to remind her that he, too, was waiting and would never give her up.

Doctor Lombard, who suspected the young Count of trying to persuade Sybilla to sell the picture, had forbidden the lovers to meet or to correspond; they were thus driven to clandestine communication, and had several times, the Count ingeniously avowed, made use of the doctor's visitors as a means of exchanging letters.

"And you told the visitors to ring twice?" Wyant interposed.

The young man extended his hands in a deprecating gesture. Could Mr. Wyant blame him? He was young, he was ardent, he was enamored! The young lady had done him the supreme honor of avowing her attachment, of pledging her unshakable fidelity; should he suffer his devotion to be outdone? But his purpose in writing to her, he admitted, was not merely to reiterate his fidelity; he was trying by every means in his power to induce her to sell the picture. He had organized a plan of action; every detail was complete; if she would but have the courage to carry out his instructions, he would answer for the result. His idea was that she should secretly retire to a convent of which his aunt was the Mother Superior, and from that stronghold should transact the sale of the Leonardo. He had a purchaser ready, who was willing to pay a large sum; a sum, Count Ottaviano whispered, considerably in excess of the young lady's original inheritance; once the picture sold, it could, if necessary, be removed by force from Doctor Lombard's house, and his daughter, being safely in the convent, would be spared the painful scenes incidental to the removal. Finally, if Doctor Lombard were vindictive enough to refuse his consent to her marriage, she had only to make a sommation respectable, and at the end of the prescribed delay no power on earth could prevent her becoming the wife of Count Ottaviano.

Wyant's anger had fallen at the recital of this simple romance. It was absurd to be angry with a young man who confided his secrets to the first stranger he met in the streets, and placed his hand on his heart whenever he mentioned the name of his betrothed. The easiest way out of the business was to take it as a joke. Wyant had played the wall to the new—new—this and that, and was philosophic enough to laugh at this part he had unwittingly performed.

He held out his hand with a smile to Count Ottaviano.

"I won't deprive you any longer," he said, "of the pleasure of reading your letter."

"Oh, sir, a thousand thanks! And when you return to the casa Lombard you will take a message from me—the letter she expected this afternoon?"

"The letter she expected?" Wyant paused. "No, thank you. I thought you understood that where I come from we don't do that kind of thing—knowingly."

"But, sir, to serve a young lady?"

"I'm sorry for the young lady; if what you tell me is true—the Count's expressive hands resented the doubt—but remember that if I am under obligations to anyone in this matter, it is to her father, who has admitted me to his house and has allowed me to see his picture."

"In plain words?"

"Well, the house is his, at all events."

"Inhappily—since to her it is a dungeon!"

"Why doesn't she leave it, then?" exclaimed Wyant impatiently.

"The Count clasped his hands. 'Ah, now you say that—with what force, with what vitality! If you would but say it to her in that tone—your, her countryman! She has no one to advise her; the mother is an idiot, the father is terrible; she is in his power: it is my belief that he would kill her if she resisted him. Mr. Wyant, I tremble for her life while she remains in that house!'"

"Oh, Wyant, sir, Wyant lightly, 'they seem to understand each other well enough. But in any case, you must see that I can't interfere—at least you would if you were an Englishman,' he added with an escape of contempt.

III.

Wyant's affiliations in Siena being restricted to an acquaintance with his landlady, he was forced to apply to her for the verification of Count Ottaviano's story.

The young nobleman had, it appeared, given a perfectly correct account of his situation. His father, Count Celsi-Mongrove, was a man of distinguished family and some wealth. He was syndic of Orvieto, and lived either in that town or on his neighboring estate of Mongrove. His wife owned a large property near Siena, and Count Ottaviano, who was the second son, came there from time to time to look into its management. The eldest son was in the army, the youngest in the Church; and an

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

The water reservoir of the

Imperial Oxford Range

is so designed that it keeps a large volume of water at a high temperature. This reservoir attachment of the Imperial Oxford Range is so arranged that it comes in close contact with the heat flues and keeps a plentiful supply of hot water ready at hand. The range is also fitted with an exceedingly powerful water front for use in connection with a kitchen boiler. If your dealer doesn't handle the Imperial Oxford, write to us for particulars.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited

Toronto, Canada
Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

ELECTROLYSIS
Superfluous Hair
Moles, Etc.

GALVANISM FARADISM

MISS FLORENCE M. WELCH
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN

THERMO AND GALVANIC BATHS
FARADIC MASSAGE

PARLORS:
SUITE 1, BANK OF HAMILTON
Cor. Queen and Spadina

Phone Main 1509

THE LADY

can see the soiled collar and the untidy appearance of your last year's fall overcoat you cannot. Add your name to my list and look right.

FOUNTAIN "My Valet" : : Telephone M. 3074
30 Adelaide St. West

THE WOLSEY
UNSHRINKABLE

MADE IN EVERY VARIETY OF SIZE, texture and quality, and specially for Gentlemen's wear.

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL AND BRITISH MANUFACTURE

The WOLSEY
UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

WOLSEY UNDERWEAR is absolutely unshrinkable, and every garment is guaranteed.

Of all Leading Dealers
Insist on having WOLSEY; other makes are not just as good.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., LIMITED

BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops

The OLIVER
THE ONLY ...
FREE TYPE BAR
VISIBLE WRITING
TYPE WRITER

Canadian OLIVER Typewriter Co.
113a St. James Street, Montreal.
55 Victoria Street, Toronto.

WHY PAY DUTY?

Heavy Fabricated Scotch Tweed 3-Button Sacks.

Semi-ready three-button sacks for fall are distinctly personality fitting garments!

Designed with especial regard to dignity and taste, they carry all the superiority of Semi-ready interior hand-tailoring to give the clothes a style that is permanent as long as the suit lives.

Each suit tailored to the "fitting" stage. Seams are left with outlets and inner parts basted only. The suit can be adjusted to perfect fit two hours after trying on.

True Scotch fabrics—richly beautiful designs in plaids and heather mixtures from the celebrated mills of Kyle, Aitken & Gardener, Dalry, Scotland.

Price \$20. Your purchase money back for any cause.

Semi-ready Tailoring TORONTO

22 West King St., Manning Arcade.

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those claiming to be Osteopaths who hold Correspondence diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg.
King St. West.

HERBERT C. JACUITH,
Confederation Life Bldg.

J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.

J. ARTHUR E. REESOR,
Confederation Life Bldg.

JENKINS
Antique
Furniture
and
Works of Art

Observant purchasers have long since realized the fact that by the judicious selection of genuine antique pieces they secure, not only the benefit of adding to their furniture for their own use, but also the additional advantage of a profitable investment.

B. M. & T. JENKINS
Toronto. Montreal.
London, Eng.

422 & 424
YONGE ST.
TORONTO

HEADACHE
Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by
AMAX HARMLESS HEADACHE
AND NEURALGIA CURE
No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered.
Take neither, use and see. All dealers or direct from
AUSTIN & CO., SIMCOE, ONT. Money back if not
satisfied.

To Be Let

NICE LARGE ROOM on
ground floor of "Saturday
Night" Building, 26-28
Adelaide St. West.

Apply to
Sheppard Pub. Co.
Limited.

about Count Ottaviano's was Mother Superior of the Visitation convent in Siena. At one time it had been said that Count Ottaviano, who was a most ambitious and accomplished young man, was to marry the daughter of the strange Englishman, Doctor Lombard, but difficulties having arisen as to the adjustment of the young lady's dowry, Count Ottaviano had very properly broken off the match. It was said for the young man, however, who was said to be deeply in love, and to find frequent excuses for coming to Siena to inspect his mother's estate.

Viewed in the light of Count Ottaviano's personality the story had a tinge of opera bouffe; but the next morning, as Wyant mounted the stairs of the House of the Dead Hand, the situation insensibly assumed another aspect. It was impossible to take Doctor Lombard lightly; and there was a suggestion of fatality in the appearance of his gaunt dwelling. Who could tell amid what tragic records of domestic tyranny and fluttering broken purposes the little drama of Miss Lombard's fate was being played out? Might not the accumulated influences of such a house modify the lives within it in a manner unguessed by the inmates of a suburban villa with sanitary plumbing and a telephone?

One person, at least, remained unperturbed by such fanciful problems; and that was Mrs. Lombard, who, at Wyant's entrance, raised a phlegmatically wrinkled brow from her knitting. The morning was mild, and her chair had been wheeled to a bar of sunshine near the window, so that she made a cheerful spot of rose in the poetic gloom of her surroundings.

"What a nice morning!" she said; "it must be delightful weather at Bonchurch."

Her dull blue glance wandered across the narrow street with its threatening house fronts, and fluttered back baffled, like a bird with clipped wings. It was evident, poor lady, that she had never seen beyond the opposite houses.

Wyant was not sorry to find her alone. Seeing that she was surprised at his appearance he said at once: "I have come back to study Miss Lombard's picture."

"Oh, the picture?" Mrs. Lombard's face expressed a gentle disappointment, which might have been boredom in a person of acuter sensibilities. "It's an original Leonardo, you know," she said mechanically.

"And Miss Lombard is very proud of it, I suppose. She seems to have inherited her father's love for art."

Mrs. Lombard counted her stitches, and he went on: "It's unusual in so young a girl. Such tastes generally develop later."

Mrs. Lombard looked up eagerly. "That's what I say! I was quite different at her age, you know. I liked dancing and doing a pretty bit of fancy work. Not that I couldn't sketch, too; I had a master down from London. My aunts have some of my crayons hung up in their drawing-room now—I did a view of Kenilworth which was thought pleasing. But I liked a picnic, too, or a pretty walk through the woods with young people of my own age. I say, it's more natural, Mr. Wyant; one may have a feeling for art, and do crayons that are worth framing, and yet not give up everything else. I was taught that there were other things."

Wyant, half-ashamed of provoking these innocent confidences, could not resist another question. "And Miss Lombard cares for nothing else?"

Her mother looked troubled. "Sybilla is so clever—she says I don't understand. You know how self-confident young people are! My husband never said that of me, now—he knows I had an excellent education. My aunts were very particular; I was brought up to have opinions, and my husband has always respected them. He says himself that he wouldn't for the world miss hearing my opinion on any subject; you may have noticed that he often refers to my tastes. He has always respected my preference for living in England; he likes to hear me give my reasons for it. He is so much interested in my ideas that he often says he knows just what I am going to say before I speak. But Sybilla does not care for what I think—"

At this point Doctor Lombard entered. He glanced sharply at Wyant. "The servant is a fool; she didn't tell me you were here." His eye turned to his wife. "Well, my dear, what have you been telling Mr. Wyant? About the aunts at Bonchurch, I'll be bound?"

Mrs. Lombard looked triumphantly at Wyant, and her husband rubbed his hooked fingers, with a smile.

"Mrs. Lombard's aunts are very superior women. They subscribe to the circulating library, and borrow 'Good Words' and the 'Monthly Packet' from the curate's wife across the way. They have the rector to tea twice a year, and keep a page-boy, and are visited by two baronets' wives. They devoted themselves to the education of their orphan niece, and I think I may say without boasting that Mrs. Lombard's conversation shows marked traces of the advantages she enjoyed."

Mrs. Lombard colored with pleasure. "I was telling Mr. Wyant that my aunts were very particular."

"Quite so, my dear; and did you mention that they never sleep in anything but linen, and that Miss Sophia puts away the furs and blankets every spring with her own hands? Both those facts are interesting to the student of human nature." Doctor Lombard glanced at his watch. "But we are missing an incomparable moment; the light is perfect at this hour."

Wyant rose, and the doctor led him through the tapestried door and down the passageway.

The light was, in fact, perfect, and the picture shone with an inner radiance, as though a lamp burned behind the soft screen of the lady's flesh. Every detail of the foreground detached itself with jewel-like precision. Wyant noticed a dozen accessories which had escaped him on the previous day.

He drew out his note-book, and the doctor, who had dropped his sardonic grin for a look of devout contemplation, pushed a chair forward, and seated himself on a carved settle against the wall.

"Now, then," he said, "tell Clyde what you can; but the letter killeth."

He sank down, his hands hanging on the arm of the settle like the claws of a dead bird, his eyes fixed on Wyant's note-book with the obvious intention of detecting any attempt at a surreptitious sketch.

Wyant, nettled at this surveillance, and disturbed by the speculations which Doctor Lombard's strange household excited, sat motionless for a few minutes, staring first at the picture and then at

the blank pages of the note-book. The thought that Doctor Lombard was enjoying his discomfiture at length roused him, and he began to write.

He was interrupted by a knock on the iron door. Doctor Lombard rose to unlock it, and his daughter entered. She bowed hurriedly to Wyant, without looking at him.

"Father, had you forgotten that the man from Monte Amato was to come back this morning with an answer about the bas-relief? He is here now; he says he can't wait."

"The devil!" cried her father impatiently. "Didn't you tell him—?"

"Yes; but he says he can't come back. If you want to see him you must come now."

"Then you think there's a chance?" She nodded.

He turned and looked at Wyant, who was writing assiduously.

"You will stay here, Sybilla; I shall be back in a moment."

He hurried out, locking the door behind him.

Wyant had looked up, wondering if Miss Lombard would show any surprise at being locked in with him; but it was his turn to be surprised, for hardly had they heard the key withdrawn when she moved close to him, her small face pale and tumultuous.

"I arranged it—I must speak to you," she gasped. "He'll be back in five minutes."

Her courage seemed to fail, and she looked at him helplessly.

Wyant had a sense of stepping among explosives. He glanced about him at the dusky vaulted room, at the haunting smile of the strange picture overhead, and at the pink-and-white girl whispering of conspiracies in a voice meant to exchange platitudes with a curate.

"How can I help you?" he said with a rush of compassion.

"Oh, if you would! I never have a chance to speak to any one; it's so difficult—he watches me—he'll be back immediately."

"Try to tell me what I can do."

"I don't dare; I feel as if he were behind me." She turned away, fixing her eyes on the picture. A sound startled her. "There he comes, and I haven't spoken! It was my only chance; but it bewilders me so to be hurried."

"I don't hear any one," said Wyant, listening. "Try to tell me."

"How can I make you understand? It would take so long to explain." She drew a deep breath, and then with a plunge—"Will you come here again this afternoon—at about five?" she whispered.

"Come here again?"

"Yes—you can ask to see the picture,—make some excuse. He will come with you, of course; I will open the door for you—and—look you both in"—she gasped.

"Look in?"

"You see? You understand? It's the only way for me to leave the house—if I am ever to do it—She drew another difficult breath. "The key will be returned by a safe person—in half an hour—perhaps sooner—"

She trembled so much that she was obliged to lean against the settle for support.

Wyant looked at her steadily; he was very sorry for her.

"I can't, Miss Lombard," he said at length.

"You can't?"

"I'm sorry; I must seem cruel; but could you?"

He was stopped by the futility of the word; as well ask a hunted rabbit to pause in its dash for a hole!

Wyant took her hand; it was cold and nerveless.

"I will serve you in any way I can, but you must see that this way is impossible. Can't I talk to you again? Perhaps—"

"Oh," she cried, starting up, "there he comes!"

Doctor Lombard's step sounded in the passage.

Wyant held her fast. "Tell me one thing; he won't let you sell the picture?"

"No—bush!"

"Make no pledges for the future, then; promise me that."

"The future?"

"In case he should die; your father is an old man. You haven't promised?"

She shook her head.

"Don't, then; remember that."

She made no answer, and the key turned in the lock.

As he passed out of the house, its scowling cornice and facade of ravaged brick looked down on him with the startlingness of a strange face, seen momentarily in a crowd, and impressing itself on the brain as part of an inevitable future. Above the doorway, the marble hand reached out like the cry of an imprisoned anguish.

Wyant turned away impatiently.

"Rubbish!" he said to himself. "She isn't walled in; she can get out if she wants to."

IV.

Wyant had any number of plans for coming to Miss Lombard's aid; he was elaborating the twentieth when, on the same afternoon, he stepped into the express train for Florence. By the time the train reached Certaldo he was convinced that, in thus hastening his departure, he had followed the only reasonable course; at Empoli, he began to reflect that the priest and the Levite had probably justified themselves in much the same manner.

A month later, after his return to England, he was unexpectedly relieved from these alternatives of extenuation and approval. A paragraph in the morning paper announced the sudden death of Doctor Lombard, the distinguished English dilettante who had long resided in Siena. Wyant's justification was complete. One blindest impulses become evidence of perspicacity when they fall in with the course of events.

Wyant could now comfortably speculate on the particular complications from which his foresight had probably saved him. The climax was unexpectedly dramatic. Miss Lombard, on the brink of a step which, whatever its issue, would have burdened her with retrospective compunction, had been set free before her tutor's ardor could have had time to cool, and was now doubtless planning a life of domestic felicity on the proceeds of the Leonardo. One thing, however, struck Wyant as odd—he saw no mention of the sale of the picture. He had scanned the papers for an immediate announcement of its transfer to one of the great museums; but presently concluding that Miss Lombard, out of filial piety, had wished to avoid an appearance of uneasily haste in the disposal of her treasure, he dismissed the matter from

his mind. Other affairs happened to engage him; the months slipped by, and gradually the lady and the picture dwelt less vividly in his mind.

It was not till five or six years later, when chance took him again to Siena, that the recollection started from some inner fold of memory. He found himself, as it happened, at the head of Doctor Lombard's street, and glancing down that grim thoroughfare, caught an oblique glimpse of the doctor's house front, with the Dead Hand projecting above its threshold.

The sight revived his interest, and that evening, over an admirable frittata, he questioned his landlady about Miss Lombard's marriage.

"The daughter of the English doctor? But she has never married, signore."

"Never married? What, then, became of Count Ottaviano?"

"For a long time he waited; but last year he married a noble lady of the Maremma."

"But what happened—why was the marriage broken?"

The landlady enacted a pantomime of baffled interrogation.

"And Miss Lombard still lives in her father's house?"

"Yes, signore; she is still there."

"And the Leonardo—also, is still there?"

The next day, as Wyant entered the House of the Dead Hand, he remembered Count Ottaviano's injunction to ring twice, and smiled mournfully to think that so much subtlety had been vain. But what could have prevented the marriage? If Doctor Lombard's death had been long delayed, time might have acted as a dissolver, or the young lady's resolve might have failed; but it seemed impossible that the white heat of ardor in which Wyant had left the lovers should have cooled in a few short weeks.

As he ascended the vaulted stairway the atmosphere of the place seemed a reply to his conjectures. The same numbing air fell on him, like an emanation from some persistent will-power, a something fierce and imminent which might reduce to impotence every impulse within its range. Wyant could almost fancy a hand on his shoulder, guiding him upward with the ironical intent of confronting him with the evidence of its work.

A strange servant opened the door, and he was presently introduced to the tapesied room, where, from their usual seats in the window, Mrs. Lombard and her daughter advanced to welcome him with faint ejaculations of surprise.

Both had grown oddly old, but in a dry, smooth way, as fruits might shrivel on a shelf instead of ripening on the tree. Mrs. Lombard was still knitting, and pausing now and then to warm her swollen hands above the brazier; and Miss Lombard, in rising, had laid aside a strip of needlework which might have been the same on which Wyant had first seen her engaged.

Their visitor inquired discreetly how they had fared in the interval, and learned that they had thought of returning to England, but had somehow never done so.

"I am sorry not to see my aunts again," Mrs. Lombard said resignedly; "but Sybilla thinks it best that we should not go this year."

"Next year, perhaps," murmured Miss Lombard, in a voice which seemed to suggest that they had a great waste of time to fill.

She had returned to her seat, and sat bending over her work. Her hair enveloped her head in the same tulle bluffs, but the rose color of her cheeks had turned to blotches of dull red, like some pigment which has darkened in drying.

"And Professor Clyde—is he well?" Mrs. Lombard asked affably; continuing as her daughter raised a startled eye: "Surely, Sybilla, Mr. Wyant was the gentleman who was sent by Professor Clyde to see the Leonardo?"

Miss Lombard was silent, but Wyant hastened to assure the elder lady of his friend's well-being.

"Ah—perhaps, then, he will come back some day to Siena," she said, sighing. Wyant declared that it was more than likely; and there ensued a pause, which he presently broke by saying to Miss Lombard: "And you still have the picture?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him. "Should you like to see it?" she asked.

On his assenting, she rose, and extracting the same key from the same secret drawer, unlocked the door beneath the tapestry. They walked down the passage in silence, and she stood aside with a grave gesture, making Wyant pass before her into the room. Then she crossed over and drew the curtain back from the picture.

The light of the early afternoon poured full on it: its surface appeared to ripple and heave with a fluid splendor. The colors had lost some of their warmth, the outlines none of their pure precision; it seemed to Wyant like some magical flower which had burst suddenly from the mould of darkness and oblivion.

He turned to Miss Lombard with a movement of comprehension.

"Ah, I understand—you couldn't part with it, after all!" he cried.

"No—I couldn't part with it," she answered.

"It's too beautiful—too beautiful!" he murmured.

There's always a need for
Armour's Extract of Beef. It keeps up vitality and prevents excessive loss of flesh and strength. Its rich beefy flavor makes beef tea that is as appetizing as it is delicious and stimulating.

Sold by all Grocers and Druggists.
ARMOUR LIMITED, TORONTO.
Sole packers and shippers for Canada.



Ruskin Says:

"All works of taste must bear a price in proportion to the skill, taste, time, expense, and risk attending their invention and manufacture."

"Those things called 'dear' are, when justly estimated, the cheapest; they are attended with much less profit to the artist than those which everybody calls cheap."

"Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance, nor can they ever, in any material, be made at small expense."

...THE...

Steinway Piano

Is Made to Appeal

to the critical and cultured ear and eye, and, "justly estimated," is the cheapest piano you can buy. It wears a lifetime, and, best of all, is a delight from first to last—which is more than can be said of many other pianos.

Isn't it worth something to be perfectly satisfied?

A COMPLETE STOCK OF THESE SUPERB INSTRUMENTS AT
**The Nordheimer Piano
AND MUSIC COMPANY, LIMITED**
15 King Street East, Toronto

assented. "Too beautiful!" She turned on him with a curious stare. "I have never thought it beautiful, you know."

She shook her head. "It's not that. I hate it; I've always hated it. But he wouldn't let me—he will never let me do so."

Wyant was startled by her use of the present tense. Her look surprised him, too; there was a strange fixity of resentment in her innocent eye. Was it possible that she was laboring under some delusion? Or did the pronoun refer to her father?

"You mean that Doctor Lombard did not wish you to part with the picture?"

"No—he prevented me; he will at ways prevent me."

"There was another pause. 'You promised him, then, before his death—'"

"No; I promised nothing. He died, suddenly to make me." Her voice sank to a whisper. "I was free—perfectly free—or I thought I was till I tried."

"To disobey him—to sell the picture. Then I found it was impossible. I tried again and again; but he was always in the room with me."

She glanced over her shoulder as though she had heard a step; and to Wyant, too, for a moment, the room seemed full of a third presence.

"And you can't—" he faltered, unconsciously dropping his voice to the pitch of hers.

She shook her head, gazing at him mystically. "I can't look him out; I can never look him out now. I told you I should never have another chance."

Wyant felt the chill of her words like a cold breath in his hair.

"Oh—" he groaned; but she cut him off with a grave gesture.

"It is too late," she said; "but you ought to have helped me that day."

—The Atlantic Monthly.

The Young Man's Side.

HERE died recently in Chicago a successful merchant, who in the long course of a busy life never forgot that he had been a boy.

"In the whole world," he often said, "there is no one else equal to a fine, strong, clean young man—except a fine, strong, clean young woman."

He not only believed that, but he acted on his belief. So it happened that no business was ever so pressing that he had not time, when he found a youth of the kind described, to seek employment for him in his own office or with some acquaintance.

"Business is a little slack just now," the acquaintance would sometimes say. "I'm afraid I can't find room for another man—one who has no experience."

"Don't tell me you are going to let this opportunity go by," the other would interrupt. "Why, you can't afford to. Room for him? Who asked you to 'make room' for him? Give him a chance. He'll make his own room. Here's a young man—do you realize what that means? One of the noblest creatures in the world. Not only a man like you and me, but young with all the world before him. He offers to give you his whole power, to come into your business and use his God-given intelligence in mastering and improving it. You are asked to accept a favor—and if you don't, some more enterprising rival will. Take him while you can get him; you may not have another chance."

Boys who deserve such introductions are not so rare as is sometimes thought. This man had a faculty for finding them and for bringing out by stimulating words the very best in them. And he brought home to many employers besides himself the fact that a boy seeking work, if he be the right kind of a boy, is offering in his manly ambition something for which the money paid is in no sense a return.

Not Like Other Girls.

She is unique, this wondrous girl, 'Midst maidens in this town, She never yet possessed a dress In any shade of brown. I've met her in the avenue, In cars with her I've sat, And never yet have I observed Green feathers in her hat.

—The Observer

Wife—I am having at my dinner frocks made décolleté. Perfectly true—Then no one will accuse us of lacking the family skeleton in the closet.



Those who have once enjoyed its juiciness and flavor will never accept any but

CLARK'S COOKED LUNCH TONGUE.

If you eat PORK and BEANS be sure and get CLARK'S they're delicious.

W. CLARK, MFR., - MONTREAL.

THE NAME
Cosgrave
SIGNIFIES

**SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF**

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO.
And of all license Holders.
Telephone Park 140.

ALEXANDRIA RESIDENCE
221 343 JARVIS STREET.
MRS. L. L. STUART, Lady Superintendent.
Nervous diseases a specialty.
Patients cared for under their own physician.
Massage taught—Weir-Mitchell system.
Highest references. Phone—Main 4347



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.TELEPHONE { Business Office..... } Main 1709
 { Editorial Rooms..... }

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$3 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 22, 1904. No. 50

"RE" SURRECTION," a miserable dramatization of Tolstol's horrible novel, was produced at the Princess for three nights at the beginning of this week. Blanche Walsh played the leading part—Kautusha Maslova, the old, familiar, innocent girl who is ruined by the gay young man of high position and sinks to the lowest depths of vice. I know it is customary to call Tolstol a great artist and a wonderful reformer, but personally I don't pretend for a moment that I believe him to be either. If he be an artist, then all the laws to which all other artists, from Plato and Aristotle down, have been accustomed to conform, and by which they have been judged, are wrong. Tolstol is merely a photographer with a morbid love of letting his camera off in slums and at the outlets of sewers. As a reformer he has accomplished nothing—nor has any other man ever accomplished anything who employed Tolstol's methods. His object is to purify society by familiarizing his readers—that is to say, the better classes—with the vileness and misery of their less fortunate fellow mortals. One might as well try to purify the English language by introducing the slang of the Bowery into the drawing-room in the hope that it would disgust to an extent that would insure its avoidance. So much for the "art" and "moral lesson" of the book. The play itself is scarcely worthy of comment. Indeed, were it not that the genius of Blanche Walsh demands notice, I should save my scribbles by dismissing it from my mind. It is about six years since last I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Walsh, when she appeared here in "La Tosca," "Cleopatra," and other plays in the repertoire of the late Fanny Davenport. Then she was a slight, graceful little woman who struck one as something of a prodigy. To-day she is fat, ungainly and not pretty—but she is an infinitely greater actress. Formerly she had all the dramatic fire of a youthful genius—to-day that fire burns quite as fiercely, but it is controlled, pent up, and becomes more intense by repression. In the prologue—the most stupid piece of bungling on the dramatist's part—she shows to least advantage. She should be childish, modest, timid. Miss Walsh seemed modest and timid enough—but, well, there are few things more painful than to see a decidedly large woman attempting to pass for a simple child. It is in this prologue that the heroine is supposed to fall from grace—but she loses her balance so quickly that she hasn't much sympathy from the audience. In the first act, scene one, she does not appear—there she seems very convincingly from the wings. This is the jury-room of a court of justice; ten years have elapsed and Kautusha is being tried on a charge of murder committed in a house of ill-repute. One of the jurors is the Prince Nezhukhuloff, her seducer. The scene is farcical—even grotesque. The jurors are evidently all from the State of Maine. The Prince blames himself for the wreck of Kautusha's life. He resolves to make reparation. Kautusha is condemned to Siberia. In the next scene—quite unnecessary—the Prince starts in to set things right. In the second act Miss Walsh starts in to act. The scene is the interior of a woman's prison. Kautusha is revealed as a smoking, drinking, bedrabbled wretch of the lowest order that a morbid intellect could imagine. The Prince calls, makes himself known, asks pardon and offers to marry her. Remembering her past wrong, she declines the offer and resumes her occupation of exploring the interior of a brandy bottle. He pleads with her and swears that he will persist in his pleading from the depths into which she has fallen. The whole scene is shocking, sickening, filthy and unworthy of reproduction on any stage. It is not because I am more holy than other men that I speak thus strongly, but, like other men, I have a stomach for which some things are a little too strong. The scene is bad art, bad ethics, and leaves a very bad taste. If an inferior actress played Miss Walsh's part, much of the horror would doubtless be absent. As it is, the genius of the actress produces an effect that is indescribably hideous and vile. The subsequent acts of the play are dramatically trivial. They show the gradual winning back to virtue of the fallen woman, and finally her pardon and betrothal to a political prisoner whom she does not love. She declines marriage with the Prince because she thinks that such a union would ruin his life. The company supporting Miss Walsh is poor—too poor by far to surround such an actress. Oh, there is one exception—Miss Helen Ware, an actress not yet fully developed, but one who will, if she continues to work along the lines which she is now following, some day make a name for herself as a successful performer of emotional roles.

JAQUES.

The programme at Shea's this week would certainly bear improvement, most of the turns being rather slow and uninteresting. The one exception is the turn of McIntyre and Heath, who are really excellent, although their performance is too drawn out. As a change from most similar turns, theirs is quiet and humorous. Spessard's bears and ponies are a lot of very clever and well-trained animals who have quite a number of new tricks in their repertoire. The two Latonas, who are well known in Toronto, have a musical turn which is very ordinary and rather dull. Smirl and Kessler, "The Bell Boy and the Waiting Maid," do some good dancing and their little white dog is clever. The Boston Brothers deserved some praise for their work, which was of fairly good quality. Alburton and Millar, who juggle with clubs and cornets, are mediocre, while Clarence Vance, "The Southern Singer," might do well to leave the north, which evidently does not agree with her, at least judging by her singing. Jack Gardner, a comedian, plays tolerably on the bass horn, and the kinetograph completes a poor programme.

The attraction at the Princess Theater for the whole of next week will be Harry B. Smith and Gustave Kerker's spectacular musical comedy novelty, "The Billionaire," which ran for four months at Daly's Theater, New York, last season. It is to be presented under the direction of Klaw and Erlanger, with Thomas Q. Seabrooke and the original company which presented the play during the long run at Daly's Theater. This organization is composed of 120 musical artists. "The Billionaire" is said to be a very clever satire on the new fad of the phenomenally wealthy man—that it is a disgrace to die rich. The piece is presented in two acts with scenes which show the exterior of an hotel in Nice at carnival time and the lobby and auditorium of a theater in New York city. As a production this piece is gorgeously magnificent. Such a brilliant display of beautiful costumes and artistic scenery has never before been seen in a musical comedy, it is said, in this country, nor has any entertainment displayed the marvelous pace or rapidity of action with which it is presented. "The Billionaire" is a whirlwind of comic incidents, presenting melody from start to finish. Thomas Q. Seabrooke plays the part of John Doe, the billionaire, who really burns



A sextette of Beauty Girls in the musical comedy, "The Billionaire," at the Princess next week.

money. Mr. Smith has invented many humorous schemes to spend money in this creation of John Doe, among them the building of a theater in which the manager employs his own audience. The theater scene in the second act is said to be a genuine sensation, the burlesque and satire on first-night audiences and happenings on the stage convulsing the audience with laughter. The scene showing the auditorium of the theater is the most realistic presented on the stage in many years.

"Way Down East," Lottie Blair Parker's play of New Hampshire farm life, comes to the Grand Opera House next week. The play is one that appeals not to a limited class, but to everybody with a spark of sympathy, a liking for an interesting story, and a relish for good, wholesome fun. There are many reasons for its popularity—its pathetic theme, its general humor, its pictures of country life, its quaint characters and striking realism, but its more potent element undoubtedly is the strong human interest that permeates every scene. To this all classes and creeds must yield their sympathy. Mrs. Parker's work produced under the skilful direction of Mr. Joseph Grismer will be interpreted by a cast that has been especially selected for its individual capability.

For next week Mr. Shea announces Barney Fagan and Henrietta Byron, who will be seen in a new and original burlesque entitled "Idle Fancy." Then there will be Fisher and Carroll, Eddie Girard and Jessie Gardner, John E. Camp, Polk and Kollins, Charles Hara, and the Lavine-Cameron trio, and several others.



Sporting Comment.

OTTAWA COLLEGE is making just the same mistake that has caused the downfall of many another good football team. The club's management becomes imbued with the idea that because once upon a time a man was a crackerjack he will always continue in the first flight. Championships have been lost because of the same error in judgment. Down amongst the lumber piles of the Capital nobody has to work too strenuously. The hard-hearted employer who will not allow his men off to play the game becomes an unpopular citizen. He bows to public sentiment and lets the office hands or the workmen away when, in Toronto or Montreal, they would have to take their choice between football and their jobs. Thus, we see, life even in Ottawa has its compensations. It would be better for the Ottawa College fourteen if their bosses—or the bosses of half of them—were not so complaisant.

On Saturday last an aggregation of corpulent, bald-headed scrummers and wingmen went on the field prepared to make a meal of the fellows from Montreal. The College forwards were mostly as fat as Japanese wrestlers. Montreal did 'em up and all chance of "College's" winning is gone like the baseless fabric of a vision or a readymade suit.

It may not be the business of an outsider, but I think, and many think with me, that Ottawa College makes a mistake in playing outsiders. In some seasons a majority of the team have been citizens of the town. If the idea is to win games at any cost, College is quite right. But how about the students who are thus debarred from getting places on the team? There must be many such who could be turned into first-class players. Moreover, under the purely student system, Ottawa College could obtain admittance to the Inter-collegiate Union, in which is played to-day the best and cleanest football in Canada. Some years ago Queen's, Toronto and McGill made overtures to Ottawa College with a view to the great Catholic university's entering the Union. The answer was made that Ottawa College would go in if allowed to play non-students. Of course the other colleges would not hear of this for a moment, and neither would their faculties. The Ottawa institution must have nearly as many men to pick from as has Queen's, and the Presbyterians always have a game and clever fourteen. Perhaps the Ottawa College authorities will see what is good for them some of these days.

Dr. Goldwin Smith is far from being a reactionary, but, in respect of a good many modern conditions, he believes that the former times were better than these. His latest pronouncement is to the effect that we are all going mad over athletics. Let us have his own words:

"There cannot be the slightest desire to detract from the pleasure or the natural triumph of the winner of the Diamond Sculls. But when the Federal Government courts popularity by passing a special order-in-Council for the glorification of the boat by admission without duty, it surely lowers itself and does mischief to the community by setting up a false standard of merit. Let sculling have its full due as an amusement; it can be nothing more. Thousands of stalwart laborers are giving daily proofs of equal muscular force and endurance in ways profitable to themselves and useful to the community. The craze for athletics is prevalent enough, without being stimulated by Government. It began among the wealthy idlers in the old English universities, and from those centers it has spread and become a mania. The other day in England a boy was complimented on the score which he had made at cricket. He magnanimously declared himself indifferent to his own success, but said he was glad to have given a 'lift' to his father, who was a Cabinet Minister. Athletics is a pest of universities and schools, the heads of which wring their hands, but can do nothing. Like other manias, it will wear itself out in time."

Passing by the obvious error that the Government allowed Mr. Scholes' boat in duty free in order to stimulate sport, when the truth is that a compliment was proffered a gentleman who is in no want of this world's goods, I should like to ask, what does Mr. Goldwin Smith want our young fellows

to do with their spare time? Or does he, after the manner of his adored protagonist, Cobden, hold that young men who have to earn their bread require no leisure and should have none? We have, luckily, the Saturday half-holiday in Canada, and doubtless even Mr. Smith would be loth to have it abolished. What are the young fellows going to do with the time from one o'clock until sundown on that day? They cannot be haled back to their factories. Are they to loaf the streets, or are they to indulge in the athletics over which we have gone "crazy"? In Toronto, on a summer's afternoon, there are thousands of youths and young men playing baseball, hundreds playing lacrosse and cricket and sailing on the bay. I believe it is a good thing, good for the country now and in the future, good for the young fellows themselves, that they so spend their time. I am convinced, I know, that of these young chaps not five out of a hundred are men who do not work, whether the scene of their employment be office, shop or factory. I care not where the "craze" originated. As the Professor says, it may have had its root among the wealthy idlers in English universities. Our young athletes are not wealthy; they are far from being idlers, and they are not particularly given to imitating Englishmen. If they were, they could find much that is less worthy of admiration and imitation than the clean sportsmanship of the average English athlete. Where in the world Dr. Goldwin Smith got the idea that "athletics is a pest of universities and schools, the heads of which wring their hands but can do nothing," I certainly cannot guess. Surely it is impossible that some malign humorist has been—if the Professor can translate the term into classic English—"filling him up." I have reason to know as much of Upper Canada College as any man in the country. I have some acquaintance with Trinity College School, our worthy rival in bygone and present days. I am confident that St. Andrew's and Ridley are conducted under similar systems, and I beg to assure Dr. Smith that at every one of these institutions the principals and masters are as keenly interested in sport as are the boys themselves. At the High schools and Collegiate Institutes the conditions are the same. Our University professors have not as yet gone into connivance with the "infamous regiment" of sport. In the United States the same circumstances obtain.

But Dr. Goldwin Smith can do something to help sport. If he thinks it worth his while, let him pilory the newspapers that are doing their best to debauch it. These journals are not many, but they—few as they are—do their scandalous work. They encourage, in games like football and lacrosse, assault and foul play. In Toronto, I am bound to say, the daily newspapers, with one exception, are decent in their handling of sport. The exception referred to, the "Telegram," seems to believe that mayhem is sport; that crookedness is sport. Let me give Mr. Goldwin Smith an instance. Not long ago two lacrosse players, armed with heavy lacrosse sticks, brutally assaulted the referee, who was, of course, unarmed. One of the assailants stole up behind to deliver the blows. The referee was rendered senseless. What was the "Telegram's" comment? It was this: "The referee received a couple of well-merited blows." The men who committed a treacherous assault were praised. The police, however, failed to see eye to eye with this apostle of thuggism. The two players were arrested, convicted of assault and fined. Colonel Denison, in passing sentence, promised the next offenders a term in jail without the option of a fine, and Crown Attorney Curry, who is a thorough sportsman himself, denounced the outrageous conduct that the newspaper had praised.

If the public journals of the country will continue to reprobate foul and blackguardly play the more excitable and impressionable youths who follow the games will soon abandon it. There is little of such play nowadays. There would be plenty of it if the culprits were held up by newspapers as objects of admiration.

OLYMPIAN.

Pressman—Quills, the editor, is quite sick; he's in a very critical state. Scribbler—That's nothing; he's always too blamed critical.

A Few "Limericks."

There was once a young babe in Bordeaux
Which nothing would seem to make greaux;
Some said "Feed it biscuit,"
But ma would not ruseit,
And to all such suggestions said "Neaux."

A young lady once went to the Louvre
In order her mind to improvise;
And now she can tellum
That her cerebellum
Was very much helped by the mouvre.

Said a tiny wren perched on a bbl,
In extolling his last Christmas eel,
"I can beat to a mush
Any robin or thrush,
Notwithstanding my size and appl."

There once was a quequerous queue
That on an old Chinese's head grueque;
It hung from his pate
Like a straw from a date—
"Diam funce," said Ching—so would yueque.

There started to drive to Milwaukee
A country lad, long, lean and gawkee;
His folks all said "Nay,
Go some other way,
For your horse is confoundedly baukee."

C. S.

Miss Sandford—Yes, Mr. Fielder, I will be yours on one condition. Fielder—Oh, that's all right. I entered Harvard with six.

"Do you believe in tipping waiters?" "No, but I have an aversion to going hungry."

Johnny Canuck's Dilemma at the Present Moment.
(With apologies to C. D. Gibson.)

Concerning Marriage.

PLEASE follow up your article of last week with another on the suggested marriage reform," says a correspondent. "I am a trained nurse," she continues, "and naturally have an interest in the varieties of unhappiness produced by 'wedded bliss,' as I have in all other kinds of suffering. I believe that many of your readers will be glad to have your more general views on the subject, whether they agree with your startlingly original outlook or not."

Naturally an obliging person, I never could resist a trained nurse. Now, the last one I had—but why these intimate confessions?

I can scarcely bring myself to admit, even in my most self-satisfied mood, that my general views on the subject of matrimony can be of a pleasing or popular nature. I am a married man myself—and there are a great many other married men under whose eyes this little article is likely to fall. But even if I were not one of them, I should still hesitate before undertaking to tear open the wounds that may be almost healed or some that are still painfully fresh. In other words, I never like to hit a man when he's down. But when a lady—and a trained nurse at that—makes the request—well, I'll confess my powers of endurance are overcome. Here are my "general views."

Marriages are made in heaven. That's why they are so out of place on earth. It requires the wisdom, patience and for-



"Marriages are made in heaven."

bearance of two well-matured angels to enter into an agreement of life partnership that would have any lasting value. It is pure egotism on the part of mere humans in their twenties to assume that they can undertake and carry out the terms of a heavenly contract. Some have tried to overcome the egotism argument by explaining that men do marry angels—that, in fact, all girls are angels up to a certain age. This is all very well, but it doesn't explain why widows find so little difficulty in getting another running mate even when they are themselves turning into the home stretch. Nor does it explain away the egotism of the men who deem themselves worthy of marrying angels. No, marriage is, always has been and always will be, an indiscretion attributable to the foolish self-satisfaction of youth.

How, then, will the civilization of the future eliminate this objectionable feature of present-day social conditions? I am forced to the conclusion that the only workable solution of the problem—so far as the immediate future is concerned—is the suggestion made by Mr. George Meredith, that short-term marriage contracts be substituted for the present life sentence so joyously inflicted by the festive parson—at five, ten, twenty-five or fifty dollars a throw, according to the circumstances of the culprit. Who at the age of twenty-five or thirty can be accounted sane when he permits his entire future to rest on a sprained ankle, a ferocious bull, a runaway horse, the dropping of a handkerchief, a young lady's inability to locate her pocket when the street-car conductor is waiting, or some other such trifle? And yet it is by such nothings that marriage contracts for life are brought about.

The only objection that has been advanced, so far, against the new plan, whereby men and women will enter into a matrimonial contract for a limited time—say five years—with the privilege of renewal for other periods of five years as long as they can stand it, is the claim that all the advantage would be on the side of the man. In other words, the

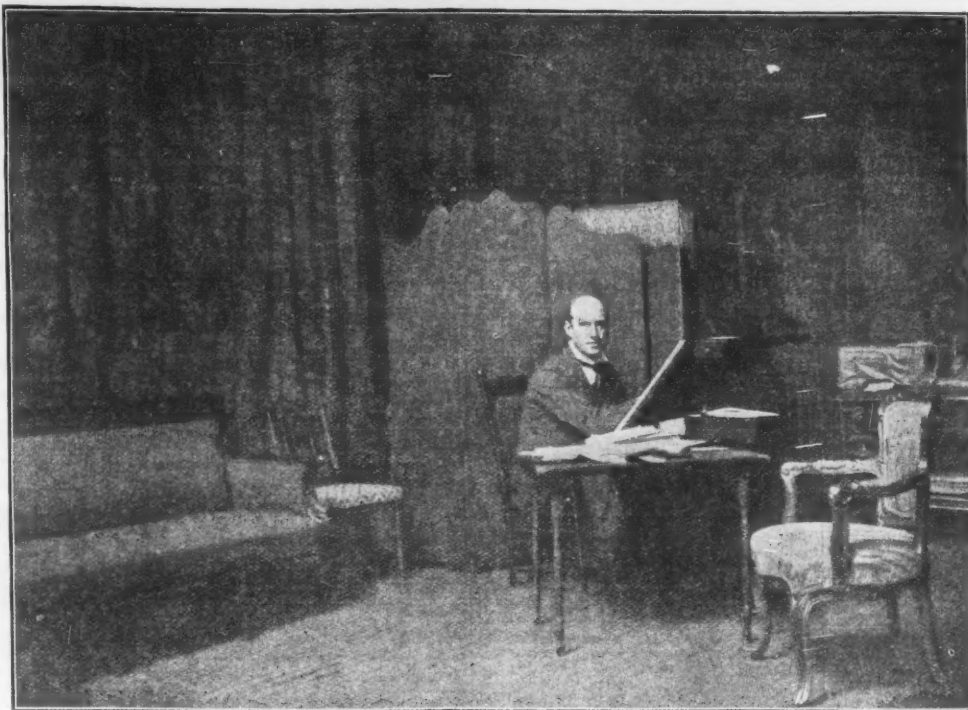


"Sometimes even his person is not respected."

ladies fear that no sane man would be willing to renew the agreement at the end of the first five-year period. The ground for this criticism is well taken. But in the end, I think, this very defect in the system would prove a blessing in disguise. At present when women marry they well know that their husbands' only chance of liberty is through the Gates of Death. The natural result of this certainty of proprietorship is a disregard on the part of the wife for the rights of the husband. His privileges are seldom regarded. Sometimes even his person is not respected to the extent that he might reasonably demand. The result of this condition is that his self-respect fails to be retained as his chief characteristic—he has been known to descend so low that he removes his boots before entering his own house. The effect on the wife is also injurious. She loses that "indelible charm" that one naturally associates with the idea of womanly women. She becomes too self-possessed, too much the confident proprietor to retain the attraction of the gentle household pet. Under the short-term contract she would always be on her guard, always striving to please—the fifth year of married life would be infinitely more happy than the first—and the chances are that the contract would be renewed at the end of each five-year period until death removed one of the partners. This strikes me as the only practicable solution of the marriage trouble. Under such conditions marriage might become even commendable.

Making Artificial Rubies.

Few problems have had greater interest for the chemist than the artificial preparation of diamonds and other precious stones, though their efforts have not been marked with conspicuous success, despite the invention of the electric furnace and other means of producing high temperatures. A recent process is the making of artificial rubies, and has been discovered by a German chemist named Verneil. It consists of fusing a mixture of clay and chromium oxide with the heat of an oxyhydrogen burner and then allowing the mass to cool suddenly, thus producing crystals. The two materials are placed in alternate horizontal layers, and the heat, which is as intense as possible, is applied from above. The quick cooling caused by suddenly shutting off the blast produces the hardness characteristic of the ruby, and the resulting crystal, which is pure and brilliant, is said to possess all the physical properties of the natural gem, being cut readily and taking a fine polish.



Charles Dana Gibson at work in his studio.

Charles Dana Gibson's Advice to Beginners.

At the request of the editor of "Collier's Weekly," Mr. Gibson wrote the following advice to beginners, which appeared in the "Gibson Number" of that journal last week:

"To begin with, I recommend pen and ink for beginners, for by using line their shortcomings are easily seen and located. In other mediums a beginner is apt to be non-committal and deal in broad pale smudges somewhere inside of which he hopes the right drawing may be. It is far better for him to do his drawing in a definite way, for the louder it calls out for correction the better off he is."

"Of all modes of pictorial expression, the line drawing is the most direct. And with pen and ink there is less fear of the beginner wasting valuable time fumbling over a hopeless drawing in search of some accidental effect, for paper will only stand a moderate amount of scratching before it turns back into pulp. All beginners should make a great number of drawings. This teaches economy of line, which makes the detection of errors a very easy matter."

"The beginner's future depends entirely upon his ability and willingness to see his own faults. If he is successful in this it is a pretty sure sign that with patience he will have the power to correct them. To draw correctly should be a beginner's first concern. Time is needed, and if none of it is wasted style will be acquired quite unconsciously."

"Beginners are worried needlessly over the quality of paper and ink to be used. It is only necessary that one should be white and the other black."

"For some reason all beginners draw very much alike. Those who work the hardest are the first to get away from this sameness. First of all a start must be made before any guiding is possible. Nearly all children draw more or less; consequently there are a great number of parents fearing that if they withhold their encouragement a career may be destroyed. It is more likely to be the other way about, for it is entirely a matter to be worked out by the beginner himself. And too much help is bad for the self-reliance without which there is no chance. And now I believe I have answered most of the questions that I have been asked. What I prescribe I take myself in the hope that it is right."

"Sincerely yours, C. D. GIBSON."

"The tall chimneys are smoking as they never smoked before."—Liberal motto at Massey Hall.

Yet for months we have been assured by the civic officials that the by-law compelling the use of smoke-consumers was being every day better observed.

Street Cars in British Columbia.

"Saturday Night" has received the following letter from an obliging correspondent in the West:

"Vancouver, B.C., Oct. 7, 1904.
"Editor 'Saturday Night,' Toronto:
"Sir,—The Toronto daily papers have had, during the past month or two, many accounts of shocking accidents, due apparently to imperfect equipment of the cars of the Toronto Street Railway, and in recent numbers of 'Saturday Night' I note that you bring this matter before your readers in your usual vigorous style. In connection with this, the enclosed clipping from last evening's 'Province' of this city may prove interesting to your readers—and possibly to the managers of the Toronto Street Railway Company:
"Infant's Narrow Escape.—The value of the new Erie-

son airbrake recently installed on the interurban cars of the British Columbia Electric Railway, was demonstrated yesterday afternoon by an incident which occurred on Hastings street and in which the serviceability of this form of brake undoubtedly saved a baby's life. The 330 car had started for Westminster, and had just passed Westminster avenue. About half way up the block between Westminster and Gore avenues a little Japanese child was playing on the road, when, hearing her mother call her to come in, the little one started to run away across the road. The infant did not notice the approach of the car until she had reached the center of the track. The big car was then only half a length off, the child's action having been so sudden that the motor-man had no previous warning of her intention to get in the way. Over went the brake-lever to the emergency notch, and the car, which was fortunately only going about eight miles an hour, was stopped in about six feet."

"I took the trouble to verify the account to-day, and also learned that the car in question is nearly eighty feet in length and weighs 52,700 pounds. With a similar brake and an efficient fender surely many of the tragedies to which you are becoming accustomed in Toronto could be averted."

"Removing to this city from Toronto six months ago, I was surprised to note the excellent service provided by the British Columbia Electric Railway Company here and in Victoria, and the suburban line to New Westminster. A comparison of the working methods of this company with that of the Toronto Railway Company would be an eye-opener to those who may think that the West must learn of the East in all things. Imagine, if you can, the Toronto Railway Company working harmoniously with the city officials, giving almost double the service demanded by the agreement with the city, equipping their cars with the best appliances available, avoiding labor troubles and enlisting the hearty co-operation of every employee by a system of profit-sharing, and earning the respect of all fair-minded citizens by showing an interest in the welfare and progress of the city and by fair, open-handed dealing in all transactions with the representatives of the people. That is not the Toronto Railway Company, surely, but it is the British Columbia Electric Railway Company under their present management."

"Further, this company control the electric lighting of the city and furnish light so cheaply that even the poor can have it in their houses. Also a short time ago they purchased the stock of the Gas Company, and, marvelous as it may seem to Torontonians, instead of raising the price of both electricity and gas, they voluntarily lowered both, thus encouraging the citizens to use the one for lighting and the other for cooking purposes, promising still further reductions as soon as the volume of sales enables them to do so. And they are regularly paying dividends on the capital invested."

"If the above facts prove of interest to you, I shall not regret having written them. Yours, H. B. M."

The First Real Lady.

It is remarkable how much we may know about remote personages.

Eve lived a long time ago. And yet to-day it is possible to speak of her characteristics with authority.

We know, for example, that Eve was fickle.

The fact that she was not surrounded by a lot of admirers was not her fault. Men were just as scarce at the first summer resort as they are to-day. But with the one she had Eve



DANCING FOR THE SCOTCH VOTE.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his speech at Lucknow confessed his passion for the music of the Highland pipes.

did the best she could. In spite of the Darwinian theory, she made a monkey of him.

And the only trouble with Adam was that, when he fell, he didn't land on both feet.

We know also that Eve was unselfish. When she came across the first nice red apple she didn't hide behind a fig tree and eat it all herself and then come out and say, "Here, old man, is the core." But with rare generosity she gave it to Adam first. She believed when there was any new fruit around in trying it on a dog. "Take it, Adam," she said, "and if it gives you appendicitis, grip, pains in the back, a hacking cough, and makes a crank, a liar and a profligate out of you, I won't go back on you. I'll eat the other half, and stand by you to the bitter end, even if the price of necessities is doubled and I have to run you in debt to keep myself respectable."

That was one of the great things about this kind, first lady of the garden. She didn't let her old side-partner meet the consequences alone, but she stood in with him to the bitter end. "As long as you're booked to go down in the express elevator to the basement floor, I'll go with you," she said, "and break your fall."

And Eve did it. She not only broke his fall, but he also, patient and willing sufferer that he is, has been broke ever since.

Looking back on Eve, as we can through the still lapse of dressmakers' bills and the long vista of spring openings that stretch the other way through the golden past, we know now that she hated and despised clothes.

"Give me," said Eve, "a little of the long green; say an acre or so; that is all I ask to cover me from the biting drafts of the opera and the sharp, keen air of the ballroom. Give me a few old feathers, gathered by some cheery Nimrod, in remote quarters of the earth, that don't cost more than one hundred dollars an ounce, and I can worry along. All I ask is a few thousand dollars' worth of little things for my head and feet and hands and siren form, to last me for the next two weeks until I make out a list of the real necessities, and I can manage somehow."

Improved Rapid Telegraphy.

A recent invention of a very practical nature is designed to increase the efficiency of a telegraph line by employing a skilled Morse operator to work an ordinary key connected with a special apparatus by means of which his work is recorded on a prepared strip of paper. This strip is then fed into an automatic double current or machine transmitter, which is able to transmit messages at a rate of about 3,000 words per minute. At the other end of the line there is a polarized recorder, which reproduces this strip, and it then may be passed through a local current with an ordinary Morse sounder, and the message transcribed by an operator. The great advantage of this system is that while it makes use of the skill of the operator who may send with a speed up to forty words a minute, yet it allows the line to be operated much faster, and the work of a larger number of operators to pass over it. Furthermore, the strip at the receiving station can be sent through the local machine at any desired speed, according to the capacity of the receiving operators.

Informal Evening Dress.

THOUGHT of writing this letter about men's gloves, but the opening of the social season, with its plays, dances, dinners, its club affairs, bridge parties and so on, will make a summary of evening dress effects timely. I am not a stickler for the fads and frills of dress, but my tastes and associations incline me to that conservatism without which dress becomes a mere field for the exploiting of dangerous personal ideas and preposterous eccentricities. That fashion is held in higher esteem to-day than ever before is due to the efforts of small groups of men who have steadfastly protested against accepting the fop as a type of the well-dressed man. He represents nothing but his own taste (ofttimes very poor), and usually attracts more attention by wearing things out of place and unsuited to the occasion than in any other way, for if one is not suitably dressed he is poorly dressed, no matter how much he may have paid for his stuffs. A full dress suit is as much out of place at a corner roast, even though it is an "evening affair," as white kid gloves are with a frock coat at a day wedding. Yet I have seen both. First of all, to be well dressed is to be suitably and becomingly dressed.

The Tuxedo, or dinner suit, is expressly designed to wear at stag, home dinners, at the club, and so on, where men associate unaccompanied by the ladies; where smoking is in order and one is intended to feel entirely at his ease, the occasion lacking in the formality attending a dance or the opera. The suit is made of soft black materials, and lately I have noticed men with suits of indistinct herringbone self



Tuxedo Shirt, Collar and Tie.
Shown by Ely, King Edward Hotel.

stripes which look very smart. Dark Oxford grey is also used by some fellows, but I think this rather faddish, if not in actual bad taste. White pique and linen duck vests, made single-breasted, are taking the place of the self vests and really look better even with informal clothes.

The hat should be a Derby; nothing else is as correct, and a silk or opera should never be worn. The shirt may either be plain or pleated; plain is best. One or two studs in the bosom is more a matter of necessity than style. Short men wear a shirt with one stud best, while tall require two to hold the bosom flat. Wide stitching on the bosom and cuffs, as on the smartest collars, gives to the linens a distinction which the ordinary makes lack. The stud or studs should be of plain gold or mother-of-pearl, and gold links engraved with the owner's monogram or crest look best on the cuffs.

Rather low high-fold collars that come close together in front, wide-stitched, and rounded on the corners, give an easy air to the dress, and a white or black bow tie (preferably white) as described in my last letter is the most favored shape. The handkerchief should be of finest white linen of small size and with narrow hem, with the owner's monogram embroidered in the corner in white. The place to keep it is in the left inside pocket of the jacket, not tucked between the shirt bosom and vest or up the cuff. Gloves of grey Paris suede, with one button or one clasp, are more correct than two buttons or two clasps, which are identified with and more suited to ladies' gloves. The half-hose may be of plain black, with clocks, or conventional designs in embroidered fronts, and high lace-shoes of varnished calfskin, with moderate military heels and flat soles, look better than patent leather ties or boots.

I have not gone into the details of informal dress as fully as the subject permits, and already I have too long a letter. Next week I shall devote my attention to full-dress—which will not be too late, as many of the socially prominent are still out of town.

DOIRAY.

Blankets

Special and
Extra Special

Notwithstanding

the general advance in Wool we are able (through early buying) to offer our superb stock of

Fine Wool Blankets

while they last at former season's prices.

We suggest
Immediate Selections.

Established 1864.

JOHN CATTO & SON
King Street—opposite the Post-Office.
TORONTO.



If You Appreciate Stylish and Well-Fitting Clothes it will be to your advantage to inspect our large variety of Select Designs and New Materials for Tailored Skirts. We are specialists in the art of tailoring these particular garments.

—THE—
Skirt Specialty Co.
102 King St. West
J.G. Mutchmer, Mgr.
Tel. M. 1940.

THOMAS'
English Chop House
30 KING ST. WEST

Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining room open on Sundays.

Break up that Cold
Grip, Cold and Neuralgia
Capsules

Mailed anywhere in Canada or U.S. on receipt of 25c.

THE HOOPER CO., Limited.
Toronto.
115 King West Branch 167 Bloor West
Phone Main 534. Phone North 2237.



"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY."

Mink Sets
Natural Canadian Mink is one of the richest of furs.

A good mink set is perhaps the most comfortable and most serviceable thing you could own and it certainly is the dressiest. Mink is one of the furs in which we emphasize quality—and we have a fine collection of high quality mink sets—making a special mention of a large natural mink stole with fancy silk ornaments and 8 silk tails and large Imperial muff to match, the set—\$100.

Write for Catalogue.
Fairweather
84 and 86 Yonge Street



Dr. and Mrs. Young of College street have gone to the World's Fair and to Chicago for a visit.

Mrs. Walter Barwick and Miss Muriel Barwick are going to England as soon as the winter sets in. Miss Barwick is enjoying the hunting season, her first, too much to leave it yet.

Before the band concert on Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill entertained Captain Jeffries and his former comrade-in-arms, Captain dos Vieux, Miss Gertrude Elmsley and Miss Bessie Macdonald at dinner. On Sunday afternoon three or four friends were at Government House to tea and afterwards joined Miss Brooke-Hunt at the saluting point, corner of King and York, where His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor received the salute. The garrison church parade was exceptionally fine, the glorious weather and the military spirit abroad this week being responsible. Rev. E. C. Cayley preached to the men at Massey Hall. Miss Brooke-Hunt, under Colonel Otter's care, was seated on the platform with the staff.

The Peace Delegates, oddly enough, happened along this week also, and it chanced that Mrs. Byles, the attractive wife of a prominent peace promoter, lunched with some Toronto friends at the Golf Club at the next table to Miss Brooke-Hunt. Glancing from the bright, clever, animated face of the English girl, to the sweet, silver-haired, pink-cheeked matron from the old sod, one realized that peace might have her victories as well as war over our susceptible Canadian hearts!

The engagement of Miss Clara Clarke, eldest daughter of Mr. W. A. Clarke of Avenue road, and Mr. Morley Currie, M.P.P. of Pictou, is announced. They will be married next month.

The engagement of Miss Maud Slater, only daughter of Mr. R. P. Slater of Niagara Falls, and Mr. Duncan S. Merwin, B.A., of Oakdene, Pasadena, California, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Pearl Magill, eldest daughter of ex-Mayor Magill of Stouffville, and Lieutenant R. Simpson, late Imperial A.G.C., only son of Mr. Frank Simpson, Toronto, and grandson of the late Judge Simpson of Niagara, is announced.

As I mentioned a fortnight ago, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wragge and Miss Wragge are back in Toronto. They are living at 115 Madison avenue for the winter.

Dr. Burdick has returned from St. Louis, where he was president of the International Congress on Tuberculosis. Mrs. Burdick and Dr. James Newcombe were also in St. Louis. Mr. Burdick and Mrs. J. Sydney Burdick received at Maple Villa on the first and third Thursdays during the season.

Miss Mary B. Sanford of New York was in town for a brief visit last week. Her new book on Labrador, "The Wandering Twins," is out.

Mrs. A. D. Lalonde and her son are at 262 College street, where Mrs. Lalonde receives on the first and third Tuesdays.

The engagement of Miss Emma Gurnea of Kincardine, daughter of Dr. W. A. Gurnea, and Mr. Kenneth McKendall of Detroit, is announced. They will be married next month.

Upper Canada College has never had a finer prize-giving day nor a larger gathering than on last Friday, when the world and his wife and daughters went up the long hill to see the sons and brothers get their reward, and to joke or console with those not so fortunate. The College hall was packed with people, and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, who is never nicer than when doing such gracious acts, presented the boys with their handsome prizes. There were some good speeches made. After the presentation, Principal and Mrs. Auden received in the library, and their guests passed on to the Principal's quarters, where afternoon tea, with all the extra good things usage has made indispensable, was dispensed by a party of young ladies, the Misses Nordheimer of Glenora, Miss Robinson of Beverley House, Miss Jean Graham of Masqueth and others, including the staff of the College. Colonel Rouse, R.M.C., was in town for the event, and was Principal Auden's guest for his honor. The whole affair on Friday was delightful, and the senior and junior schools are in a high state of prosperity. Mothers were dragged up many flights through the immaculately clean buildings to see sons' sanctums, and the littlest boy was the most energetic and important eulogist. Mr. G. W. Goodenham's gift of a target practice gun was much acclaimed.

Dr. and Mrs. Pyne are spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davies at 33 River street, where Mrs. Davies (nee Pyne) held her postnuptial reception on Thursday afternoon and evening, and which was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davies before they moved to Wellesley street.

Mrs. Thomas Hobson of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Cotter at 28 Wilton crescent.

Thursday and Friday of last week were full of politics, culminating in the frenzy of enthusiasm for Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Massey Hall on Friday night. Lady Laurier was the guest of Mrs. Kerr of Rathnally and went to U.C.C. with her on Friday. On Thursday Mrs. Keer invited Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. James, Mrs. York, Mrs. Robert A. Grant, Mrs. Herbert Mowat and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn to meet Lady Laurier at luncheon, and the Premier and Lady Laurier and their hosts dined with a party of friends at Senator Cox's that evening. There was a quiet dinner at Rathnally on Friday, at which Hon. Edward Blake was present, and to which he walked up like a man of forty, with not a care on his mind nor a touch of time on his body.

Mrs. Blake, looking her own sweet gentle self, was at Upper Canada College for the prize-giving, and the couple met on the road up and down the Benvenuto hill.

Miss Scott and Miss Merrick will receive at 102 Bloor street east on the first and second Mondays of each month during the winter.

Mr. Henry C. Bourlier is spending a month at Hot Springs, Arkansas, having been a great sufferer from rheumatism for some time.

The visit of the band of the Grenadier Guards, which the impresario assured us on Monday night will not be repeated in the time of a generation, was a very great pleasure to the musical world. Captain Jeffries, who is in charge of the band, spent a day or two in town. He is an ardent Britisher, and, I am told, suffered loyal tortures in St. Louis at the rampant "Americanism" abroad while there with his musicians for an engagement of several weeks. His last scrap was with the conductor of the train en route to Toronto, to whom, as soon as the line was passed at Detroit, he allowed himself the privilege of speaking very freely. Captain Jeffries left for other parts on Sunday, feeling, as he remarked, quite easy about the band now that they were on British soil again. I wonder what was in danger of being kidnapped over there? Was it the loquacious individual who gave us a soliloquy during the "Irish Patrol," or the nice little chap with the spanking boards, or the rooster that crowed in the morning, or the lark that sang in the hunters' gathering? That was an inspiring little bit of descriptive music, and many of the Toronto Hunt were on the grin as the chorus pealed out the old English hunting song—"Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy, a-hunting we will go!" A smart family party, including the Master and Mrs. Elske, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Miss Pearl Macdonald, Mr. Ovesel, who is on a visit to the Albert Macdonalds, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, and one or two others, also Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Miss Barwick and Mrs. Vincent Greene, were in the gallery; also Mr. Williamson, Miss Norah Sullivan, Captain Van Straubenzie, Captain Hughes, Captain Elmsley, Colonel and Mrs. William of Bromley House, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Colonel Field, Mrs. Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reeves, Mrs. George Woods. A party of the Army and Navy Veterans, some of whom stood out of loyalty to their former regiment, as the band played the "British Grenadiers," with many well-known musicians and other folk and "parade" packed overhead, were at the Monday night concert.

Word came from Vancouver on Saturday of the sudden death, in his fortieth year, of Reginald Wolferstan Thomas, son-in-law of Mr. Campbell of Carbrook, who leaves a widow. Mr. Thomas was formerly in one of the Toronto banks, and occasionally contributed some readable articles to this paper. His father, Rev. Mr. Thomas, was bursar of Marlboro' College, England, and held in very high esteem. His uncle, Mr. Wolferstan Thomas of Montreal, is one of Canada's leading financial magnates.

On Tuesday Mrs. Walter Barwick gave a luncheon for the London golfers at the Hunt Club, where a match was in progress early in the week.

Nonprogreddi Est regredi

Briefly translated from the Latin that simply means—"not to go forward is to go backward."

Experience shows that—we believe it firmly—it is one of our business maxims.

Seven distinct enlargements of our premises within the past 25 years is practical evidence of our belief.

Our business has been a steady progression—better premises—better stock—better values—better methods—better service—until today we honestly believe we are offering—not as good only—but far better inducements than any other jewelry house in Canada.


Others Believe It.
Our sales for a single day now often surpass those of an entire year at one period of our history.

There is nothing haphazard about this—it is cause and effect—better inducements have brought better patronage.

Make the experiment—whether it be a silk watch guard at 15c or a pearl necklace at \$20,000.00 you will find as others find that the Ryrie word—the Ryrie values—the Ryrie styles and the Ryrie methods are but very little, if any, short of absolute perfection.

Ryrie Bros.,
118 to 124 Yonge St.,
Toronto.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt



There is no room left for doubt as to the usefulness of Malt Extract in weakness and nervous diseases, provided you use Malt Extract, carefully and honestly made from Barley Malt. Your Doctor will tell you O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is the best, for he knows how it is made and what it is made from. If you need Malt Extract and want the best, insist upon getting "O'Keefe's."

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist,
General Agent, TORONTO

Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY
Yonge and Carlton Streets

Tubular Dinner Gongs

Oak and brass are what these beautiful gongs are made of. Their general appearance is quaint and pleasing to the eye. The tubes are about three feet long and they are suspended from a suitable bracket. The knockers are oak and chamois. They are used in the stately homes of England. The prices average about \$12.

Wanless & Co.
168 Yonge St., Toronto.
"GOOD QUALITY."

"Bridge"

SETS IN LEATHER CASES
SCORE-PADS
COUNTERS and MARKERS

The Best Bridge Books:—
"ELWELL ON BRIDGE."
"DOE ON BRIDGE."
"FOSTER ON BRIDGE."
"A.B.C. OF BRIDGE."

Also—
TALLY CARDS
DUPLICATE WHIST SETS
ETC., ETC.

Bain's 96 Yonge St.
Toronto.

Women's \$3.50 Shoes

Shoes that are honest through and through. They're the Hager kind. The new last have quite the style of a \$5.00 shoe, but we don't pretend they're made of as fine stuff. They'll wear as long though. We want women to see our Three-Fifty Shoe and note the newness of the styles—to try them on and realize the comfort; to wear them and learn the splendid service they give. They're the best \$3.50 shoes made.

H. & C. Blachford
114 Yonge Street

Clara—Are you a fatalist?
Caller—Yes, but don't make a Wain rabbit.
Little Clarence (with the prying mind)—Pa, what is a fatalist?
Mr. Callipers—A horse-grown lie, my son.
There is a good deal that might go without saying, but very little that does.

THISTLE BRAND Canned Fish

Kipperd Herring
Finnan Haddies
Herring and Tomato

Are the best that are packed. Every package guaranteed.
Best Dealers Sell Them.



Cowan's
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS ARE
Chocolate Cream Bars
Chocolate Wafers
Milk Chocolate

These Goods are Pure, Dainty and Nutritious.
THE COWAN CO., LIMITED TORONTO.



Soft Silky Hair
Any woman can have it by **Hair Magic** shampooing once a week with It restores lustre and beauty to the hair. Sent to any address on receipt of price—\$1.00.

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Limited.
103-105 Yonge St.

Optometrists
Or One Skilled in Optometry,
the science of waves of light as met within the refraction or vision of the human eye.
That is our profession.

The Culverhouse Optical Co.,
Limited
6 Richmond Street East
Confederation Life Building.
Phone M. 4556. Toronto.

Opticians Pember's New-Parted Pompadours

Bid fair to become all the rage with women of fashion and refinement. Their principal charm lies in their absolute naturalness, no matter how closely they are inspected; their zephyr-like weight and their beauty coming from the natural wavy hair from which they are made.

Ladies—
who wish something stunning, new and away from the commonplace should make it a special point to see this new bang, and if living out of town we can guarantee safe delivery in perfect condition by mail.

THE PEMBER STORE
127-129 Yonge St., Toronto.



Massage
The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish movements, and the Naheim Method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered. Patients treated at our office or at their residence as desired. References the leading physicians of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes
155 ROBERT ST. Phone N. 16

FRATERNITY Pins and Interyear Emblems

Designs and estimates furnished for all kinds of college and school work.

Jewelry Parlors
Jas. D. Bailey, 75 Yonge St.

**Stationery
Lamp Shades**
Fancy Work and Novelties
MISS E. PORTER
Phone—Main 2904 47 KING ST. WEST

Wedding Cakes

are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed.
CATALOGUE FREE.

THE HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
447 Yonge St., Toronto.



The Corset Specialty Co.
112 Yonge St. Toronto.
1st Floor over Singer Office.
Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached. Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and relining of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.

L. A. STACKHOUSE
MANICURING and CHIROPODY
For ladies, gentlemen and children. Corsets, Bandages, ingrowing nails, and all foot troubles successfully treated. Telephone for appointments Main 1181.
166 King St. West (Opposite Princess Theatre)

The Heintzman & Co. Piano

(Made by the old firm of Heintzman & Co.)



In the Y.M.C.A., Montreal, Que.

One of many sales in Montreal includes a Heintzman & Co. Piano for the Montreal Y.M.C.A.—the senior Young Men's Christian Association of Canada. At the various socials and other gatherings of the Association added success is assured because so famous a Piano is in use.

Piano Salon, 115-117 King St. W. Toronto

There is one kind of Sewing Silk that I always use and that is

Corticelli

No matter what any one may tell you follow my advice and use this famous silk. It is the Best in the World.

Corticelli Home Needlework is a magazine that every lady should take. Issued 4 times a year, 96 pages, beautifully illustrated, 50 cts per year. Write for sample sending 15 cents.

CORTICELLI SILK CO. LTD.
ST. JOHN'S, P. Q.

Florida and the Sunny South.

Winter Excursion Tickets now on sale by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Beginning October 15, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell winter excursion tickets to the resorts of Florida, the Carolinas, and other States in the South and South-west, at greatly reduced rates. For specific rates, limits and other conditions of tickets, consult any ticket agent.

Portland and Northwest

Without change via Union Pacific. This route gives you 200 miles along the matchless Columbia River, a great part of the distance the trains running so close to the river that one can look from the car window almost directly into the water. Two through trains daily with accommodations for all classes of passengers. This will be the popular route to Lewis and Clark Exposition, 1905. Inquire of H. F. Carter, T.P.A., 14 James Building, Toronto, Canada, or P. H. Choate, G.A., 126 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The formal opening of the Elocution Department of the Toronto School of Physical Culture and Expression takes place in the Gymnasium, Simpson Hall, 734 Yonge street, on Monday, October 24, at 8.15 p.m. A feature of the entertainment will be the fencing of Jules Lesahy, recently appointed fencing master, and barbell drill by Miss Wreyford's class from Evangelia House.

The Bishop and the Judge.

Oh, when a bishop marries you,
He makes two people glad;
But when a judge divorces you,
He makes four glad, by gad!

The Novel-Reader.

"Don't you remember the plot?"
"Not very well. Maybe I skipped the plot."

He Wouldn't Quite Do.

"I would like," she said, marching up to the counter with a swing that was calculated to attract attention and inspire awe, "to see the manager of this department."

The clerk, noting that she was beautiful, smiled at her in his blandest way, felt that he ought to avail himself of any opportunity there might be to explain things to her, and sweetly replied:

"I don't see him anywhere around just now. Won't I do?"

She looked him up and down a few times, and then replied:

"No, I don't think you will. I'm his wife, and—"

But the clerk had gone to hunt for him.

Reggie—Have you your motor perfectly under control?

Bertie—When I take a girl out into the country for dinner I can always break it down in front of a cheap table d'hôte place.

A foaming glass of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in the morning drives away the indigestion, biliousness and constipation of yesterday—brings health, strength and energy for the days to come.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25¢ AND 50¢ A BOTTLE

Literary Comment.

To begin with, the title of this book is a pretty one: "The Princess Passes." It sounds like a fairy tale, and so it is; just a grown-up fairy tale, and very charming. It was written by C. N. and A. M. Williamson—authors also of "The Lightning Conductor," which appeared among the spring publications. Now these writers with the speed of the automobile in whose praise the former story was written, have brought forth another book.

When "The Lightning Conductor" came, we were duly suspicious that that was a skilful piece of advertising of a certain brand of automobiles. Even so, when an advertisement is really clever you are compelled to admire, nor do you mind being cheated into reading to the bitter end. But there was no bitter end in "The Lightning Conductor," and it was decidedly clever.

In "The Princess Passes" only the first few chapters are given over to the automobile, so that our suspicion wavered; and it would seem either that the writers would not so evidently expose their scheme this time, or that, in case of it being a bona fide story their auto-enthusiasm exhausted itself that they were "written out" on the subject.

The reader must not expect to be too interested at first, on the auto-tour through France, as the best chapters are those which follow after discarding the machine. Mercedes for the feet of a male; when Lord Lane—the leading man, and he who tells the story—begins his walking tour at Martigny, sees slowly the north with parts of Switzerland and Italy, and ends his story, at least so far as the readers may know, with a pretty little closing scene enacted at Monte Carlo.

But there are some good bits in the early chapters.

"Health—a possession usually treated as we treat the poor, whom we expect to have always with us."

"I shared with other normal self-respecting men the amiable weakness of wishing to monopolize the woman most wanted by others."

"Now if there is an insufferable companion under the sun, it is the average 'well-informed person' who continually dines into your ears things you were born knowing."

"Molly advised me not to be a spend-thrift of my emotions at this stage, lest I should be a worn-out wreck before the best part came, but the idea of husbanding enthusiasm did not commend itself to me. It was too much like saving up one's good clothes for 'best,' a lower middle-class habit which I have detested since the days when I howled for my smartest Lord Fauntleroy frocks in the morning."

And Lord Lane's first attempt to steer the Mercedes is good:

"Now then, Monty, are you ready?"

"I had never before sufficiently realized the solemnity of that word 'now.' It sounded in my ears like a knell, but I swallowed hard and echoed it."

"No need to grip the wheel so tightly," said Jack, and I became aware that I had been clinging to it as if it were a forlorn hope.

"Almost apologetically I slid the lever into position, and let in the clutch. Somehow I had not expected it to answer so soon, but, as if it disliked being put to the test, the dragon took the bit between its teeth and bolted. I hung on and did things more by instinct than by skill, for the beast was hideously lithe and strong, a thousand times stronger and wilder than I had dreamed."

My eyes expanded until they must have filled my goggles. We waited, we wavered, we shied, until we outdid the Seine in the winding of its channel.

"I fully expected that Winston would pluck me, like a noxious weed, from the driver's seat, where I had taken root, and snatch the helm himself; but, strange to relate, I remained unmolested. Jack confined his interference to an occasional 'Whoa,' or 'Steady, old boy!'"

While in the tonneau so profound a silence reigned that if I had had time to think of anything, I should have supposed Molly to be swooning.

"Why don't you curse me, and put me out of my misery?" I gasped when I had by a miracle avoided a tree trunk as large as a house, which I had seen deliberately step out of the proper place to get into my way.

I pressed down the clutch pedal, pulled the lever affectionately towards me, and very gradually opened the throttle, so as not to startle it. In spite of my caution, however, I thought for an instant that we were really going to get on the other side of the horizon which had been avoiding us for so long.

To be sure I did well-nigh run over a chicken; but I would be prepared to argue with it till it was black in the face (or resort to litigation if necessary) that the proper place for a blood would be on its own silly head."

But moving along between pages 50 and 55, the story "slows down" to such an extent that you begin to feel the fate of all aqueducts is here; but you are aroused again, and the interest exceeds anything found in the preceding pages.

Strange to say, this is felt on the arrival upon the scene of a mere boy. Here he is:

"The boy would have delighted an artist, no doubt, though our first interchange of glances gave me a strong desire to smack him. Soft rings of dark chestnut hair, bright as Japanese bronze, had been flattened across his forehead by the now discarded hat. This hair, worn too long for any self-respecting twentieth-century boy, curled round his small head and behind the slim throat, which was like a stem for the flower of his strange, little face."

"Strange" was the first adjective which came into my mind, yet if he had been a girl instead of a boy he would have been beautiful. The delicately pencilled brows were exquisite, and out of the little brown face looked a pair of large brilliant eyes of an extraordinary blue—the blue of the wild cherry. When the boy glanced up or down there was great play of dark lashes, long and amazingly thick. This would have been charming in a girl, but somehow affected in a boy, though one could hardly have accused the little snipe of making his own eyelashes."

Electric sparks flew when these two met. They began by being extremely rude to each other. The Man bullied the Boy, and the Boy was rashly impertinent to the Man; but when these introductory pleasantries were over they became serious friends, and as absolutely necessary to each other as one carbon-point to another in establishing a current of light. In fact, Lord Lane said he had found the best "little pal" in the world, and that he couldn't think of continuing the rest of his life without him, or words to that effect. While the Boy, looking up at his big strong comrade, said devoutly: "I won't kick again. Man, you are different from other men. Yes, from every other man I've ever met."

"Am I to take that as praise?" said the Man.

"He nodded, his big eyes sending blue rays into mine."

"Thanks. Best man you ever met?"

"Another nod, and more color on his cheeks."

"Good enough to be introduced to your sister?"

"Good enough—even for that."

"What if I should fall in love with her?"

"The Boy straightened his shoulders, after a slight start, and seemed to pull himself together."

And the plot thickens, while a delicious romance makes heated progress like the headlong wishes of the Mercedes.

The keynote of the story is found in a paragraph near the end:

"It was doing different things that worked all the mischief. If we hadn't gone to Aix, we wouldn't have gone up Mont Revard, and if we hadn't gone up Mont Revard, the Prince wouldn't have had to vanish."

"If he hadn't, would the Princess have appeared—for me? Or would she always have been passing—passing—not dreaming of her presence?"

With one more quotation—a sample of the wit flashing here and there throughout—the review ends:

"When I remarked this to the Boy he replied with a faint chuckle that he felt like a newspaper himself. 'A newspaper,' he repeated, shivering, 'with the smallest circulation in the world; and if it weren't for your dressing-gown there wouldn't be any circulation left at all!'"

The cover is strikingly pretty, and was designed by a Canadian, Mr. R. Holmes of Toronto, who has for many years been drawing-master at Upper Canada College. The book is published in Canada by Messrs. McLeod & Allen, who also brought out "The Lightning Conductor."

TAKE UP a new book, the reader looks at the title, and through it makes a guess at the style of story between the covers.

"The Hound from the North" (by Ridgwell Cullum) immediately suggests another from that overdone field of animal heroes. And the cover-design is still less reassuring. There stands the great gaunt figure of a husky—called by courtesy a hound—his back bristling in fiercely aggressive manner. At least it appears at first to be the dog which is bristling, but on closer inspection it proves to be a background of aurora borealis which has thus deceived; the skillful work of the artist has unseated the judgment.

Undaunted, the reader makes a courageous entrance and proceeds into the story, a second thought being that peccance it may be another "Hound of the Baskervilles," but it turns out to be a double-header—a serious pun of the author, a dog-hound and a man-hound.

As may be imagined, neither character makes very attractive perusing—though for hysterical women or ex-complaisants nothing could be found more entertaining, for the book is gloomy from the very beginning, where a solitary traveler on the borderland of the Yukon is lost, frozen and robbed, almost in one breath.

"God! God have mercy on me! I am lost—lost!" The despairing note echoed and re-echoed among the hills.

Then he crumpled and fell in a heap upon the snow."

This is here quoted as one of the most cheerful passages in the book, and will serve as an indication of the sort of diversion which may be expected by the seeker after such. There is hardly a rest throughout from the tense emotional strain. Little or no surprise would have been felt, in reading on, to find these things:

"His time had come!"

The story shifts to Manitoba, and there a girl is introduced whom you feel in honor bound to love and adore, because there is not another vestige of a heroine in the book. Of course there is Prudence Mallory's mother—rather well sketched—and a widowed schoolteacher named Mrs. Gurrage, who somehow always makes you think of porridge, and who is forever quoting such sing-song aphorisms as:

"Maid who angers faithful swain
Will shed more tears and know more pain
Than she who loves and loves in vain."

And

"Love feeds on kisses—we read in ancient lay—
Meaning the love of yore; not of to-day."

But the only young bit of feminine flesh and blood is Prudence—therefore the allegiances, not for any other reason. True has a lover, but a most forbidding person is Leslie Grey, so that nobody weeps when he is murdered in cold blood, save and except the heroine, who not until after his death discovered how passionately she had loved him! The recovery, as might be expected with a girl of Miss Mallory's temperament, was speedy; and on the rebound of her buoyant nature she bounced against the burly form of George Iredale—opium smuggler near the borderlands of Manitoba—who had for many years silently loved her with all the might of his deep, silent, opium-smuggling nature, and who received her with open arms.

His bad qualities were outweighed by a manly bearing and calm, cool nerve, and the reader is tricked into thinking him a hero, by the constant and subtle comparisons with murderers and horse-thieves.

But to return. Leslie Grey was shot dead, upon his wedding day; and the runaway horses, with strange fatality (of

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea Never Disappoints

It's the Best Value Possible
For the Least Cost Possible.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY.

BY ALL GROCERS.

GRAIN FOOD
THAT'S
BRAIN FOOD

Nature's food, the
tasty Canadian
Breakfast Cereal is
Orange Meat—
of best Canadian

Wheat mixed by a special process with a special product which adds both flavor and nutriment.

Valuable Premiums With every 15c. package comes a Coupon.

Coupons sent to our address secure you free premiums of Heavy Plated Silverware. A fitting service for a perfect dish.

The FRONTENAC CEREAL CO., Ltd., 43 SCOTT ST., TORONTO



the author), carried the corpse to the very place where the wedding with Prudence was to have been solemnized, and at the very hour.

The author remarks: "Thus did Leslie Grey attend his wedding."

What a cruel jester Mr. Cullum must be, to bring one of his characters to a terrible end, and then hurl such an ironical pronouncement upon his defenceless head—defenceless because he was powerless to retaliate, being dead.

The author's work is better when he lets the characters speak for themselves; but unfortunately he does this very seldom.

His realism is after Zola. Prudence was at the bedside of her murdered Romeo.

"He is dead," she said with studied calmness, as she straightened herself up from the bed."

The minister was there also. "He was not a man given to morbid sentimentality; his calling demanded too much of the practical side of human nature. He was there to aid his flock, materially as well as spiritually; but at the moment he felt positively sick in the stomach with sorrow and pity for the woman who stood like a statue, etc."

This is one of the crises in the story where unusual demands are made upon the sympathy. Now, if Mr. Cullum had deigned to hint that the minister felt "ill," and been content with that, or if he had said sick "at" the stomach, or if he had said he felt "positively sick in the stomach," leaving no loophole for doubt, that was almost too harrowing!

Mr. Cullum goes out of his way to avoid simple English expressions, hunting and using instead such phrases as "stertorous breathing," "anguinary trail" and "culinary residuum." For instance: "She was carrying a large pall filled with potato-parings and other fragments of culinary residuum."

One more tragic quotation, and farewell to the unhappy little group so unfeelingly huddled together in this story: "He's dead—he's dead," she repeated to herself over and over again. Then suddenly she ceased her repetitions and shook her head.

And she slowly fell in a heap by her dead son's side."

But a sense of humor can possibly save the reader from twenty-four hours of depression following upon the finish of "The Hound from the North." The book is published by The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

As Actuaries Measure Life.

Actuaries employed by insurance companies adopt a standard method of computing prospective ages of risks. To ascertain how many years a person of given age is ordinarily expected to live, the present age is deducted from eighty, and two-thirds of the remainder will indicate the likely future span of life. Actuarial schedules are a unit in this system of calculation. In illustration of the above statement: Age twenty deducted from eighty years shows that forty-twelve months are the allotment, while age sixty from eighty, leaving balance of twenty, represents that thirteen years and three months should, in favorable routine, elapse before the insured individual's life is classified in the post tense column. Thus it will be observed that insurance corporations go the Biblical allowance of "threescore and ten"—ten years better.

Literary Item.

The Ladies' Literary Club met yesterday afternoon at Mrs. Percy Robinson's. Miss Gladys Pepperton told all she knew about the doings of the woman

who has moved in next door to her and whose husband was away on business. Mrs. Sanderson Somerset gave the inside history of the feud between the contractor and the parson.

Mrs. Sibyll Backus ripped up the back of an old friend who hadn't treated her well.

Miss Flora Faberton announced three engagements and begged everyone not to mention it.

Mrs. Uperton Singster told of the last fight she had with her cook.

Mrs. Appleton Appleby brought a new baby gown which she is doing herself, and which was much admired.

Miss Sadie Saltpeetre gave the inside history of how Mrs. Dumbleton's husband had lost all his money in Wall Street.

Mrs. Stringer-Stringer's paper on the relation of Greek art to the Italian Renaissance was listened to with breathless interest. There was time to read only half of it, but the other half will undoubtedly be read next week.

Toronto's Well Dressed Men

It is remarkable how great an effect upon the aspect of a city may result from the advent of one enterprising tailor. The large and increasing number of men on our streets who dress in a manner identical with the smartest of New York clubmen, is due in no small measure to the progressive tailoring methods of Levy Bros., who are located just back of the King Edward hotel, in Scott street. This firm are well worthy of mention as being right in line with the swiftest of Gotham tailors.

Mrs. Von Blumer—Why don't you take Peterkin out in your auto?

Von Blumer—Good heavens! Why, I'm trying to sell it to him.

"Here," said Mrs. Bickers, who had been reading the paper, "is an account of a man who chopped his wife up and fed her to the chickens. Warrant that perfectly dreadful!"

"I should say it was," replied Bickers. "I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

"I hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got on his trail immediately."

Windsor Salt

is all salt—
pure, clean,
crystals, and
nothing but
salt.

Wherever the Union Jack Waves

Hunyadi Janos Natural Laxative Mineral Water

is looked upon as the standard cure for

CONSTIPATION

Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

The late Dean Hole was fond of sports of all kinds, but when a report came to his ears that his groom had been engaging in a pugilistic set-to, the dean felt it his duty to administer a suitable rebuke, winding up with: "I hope you were separated," (severely). "Beg pardon, sir; when I'd finished he didn't want no separating," said the groom.

Dr. Garth, a witty physician of the court of Queen Anne, had prescribed a nauseous dose for the great warrior, Duke of Marlborough. When the duke objected to following the directions, the sharp-tongued Duchess Sarah broke in by saying, "I'll be hanged if it does not cure you." "There, my lord," interposed Garth, "you had better swallow it; you will gain either way."

Josiah Quincy, of Boston, tells of how he was once identified by a laborer who was enlightening a friend. "That is Josiah Quincy," said the first laborer. "An' who is Josiah Quincy?" demanded the other. "Don't ye know who Josiah Quincy is?" demanded the first man. "I never saw such ignorance. Why, he's the grandson of the statue out there in the yard."

Some physicians recently were playfully discussing the diplomacy to be employed with young mothers. "When I am called to a house where there is a baby whose sex I do not know," said one, "I am always embarrassed as to how to speak of it. A mother likes you if you ask her 'How is the little girl?' or 'How is the little boy?' as the case may be, as she usually takes a pride in the sex of the child, whichever it is." One of the most famous physicians in the world was marked, "I never have any trouble in that respect. I make it a rule to call all babies whose sex is unknown to me 'Francis.' The mother doesn't know whether I spell it with an I or an E, and all she thinks is that I have forgotten the small darling's real name, and that is deemed excusable."

The following is given by Kobu Tendai as a typical Japanese humorous story. The term "Yaku" is applied to doctors who prescribe wrong medicines. Now, it happened once that a quack having been the means of killing the only son of a certain house, the parents determined to have their revenge on him. So they sued him at a court of law. The affair was eventually patched up by the worthy quack giving the bereaved parents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this event, the said quack heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that one of his neighbors' wives was dangerously ill, and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife, he said, "This requires consideration, my dear. There is no knowing but that it may end in their taking you from me."

In the great Boston Public Library there stands on a pedestal in a corner of Bitter Hall, the main reading-room, a bust in very dark bronze of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the patron saint of Boston. The other day, two old ladies were wandering about the building. Both the good dames critically examined the likeness. "Why, I never knew," remarked one to the other, drawing back a little, "that Dr. Holmes was a negro."

One of Simeon Ford's latest stories is about a Pennsylvania Sunday school. A young lady with philanthropic motives was teaching a dozen or two little ones in the mining district. "Now, where did I tell you the Saviour was born?" she asked one morning. "Bethlehem," answered a grimy twelve-year-old. "Why, what do you mean, Johnnie? I told you he was born at Bethlehem." "Well," replied Johnnie, "I knowed 'twuz some place on the Lehigh Valley Railway."

A New York young man who has the same name and initials as H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil man, frequently receives through the mail letters which are intended for the latter. One day he received a bill for a new flag furnished to Mr. Rogers' yacht, which he mailed to him with the following note: "Dear Sir: I received the inclosed bill intended for you, as I am not fortunate enough to own a yacht. However, I will pay your bill if you will tell me the best time to buy Standard Oil." He received the following reply: "Dear Sir: Your note at hand. I will be glad to pay my own bill. The best time to buy Standard Oil is between ten and three."

"The Book Shop."

See us in our NEW HOME

Our new store will more than ever be the resort of booklovers, for not only are our quarters more cosy and homelike, but our stock of books was never as replete and interesting as at present. Then our new Art Room will be a joy and a delight to lovers of the beautiful in art. Come and see us; you'll find a cordial welcome.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
7 and 9 King St. East, Toronto.



It appears that the Emperor of Germany has annexed the little island of Lissa to his Austrian dominions, not without creating considerable jealousy in the Cabinet of the Tuilleries. This petty aggrandizement is adverted to in terms rather offensive to the Court of Vienna, as which it is told in very plain language, "that the real Sovereign of Germany is the Germanic Body." This, from the person who has trampled upon the neutrality, and "laughed to scorn" all the privileges of that Body he now seems to uphold, is really an affectation of political candor too gross and flagrant to be credited by the most obedient of the vassal Powers within the rule of France.

Mr. Portals (who was Secretary of Legation to the late French Ambassador in this country) has been nominated by Bonaparte as his Minister Plenipotentiary to the Diet of Ratisbon.

It is odd that certain journalists, who in their columns daily with ostentatious descriptions of fashionable life, and lists of noble persons, should be perpetually calling the Great by wrong names. Thus the Earl of Desart, an Irish peer, who lately died in Ireland, is most pertinaciously described as the Earl of Dysart, who is a Scotch nobleman. Mr. William Manners was the other day, on similar authority, raised to the title of Lord Huntingtower; and a number of the nobility are perpetually misnamed. The Earl of Moira, for instance, is Earl Moira, with many other errors, which any boy who reads the Court Calendar would laugh at.—"The Times," Aug. 21, 1894.

One of the most severe fights took place on Tuesday, that has been witnessed since the memorable battle between Johnson and Big Ben. Neither of the combatants had entered the lists before, though they were known to possess great skill and were equally desirous to display it. One of them was John Ward, son of the celebrated boxer, and of that name, and the other Tom Belcher, younger brother to a pugilist of still greater celebrity. By way of encouragement to the young heroes of the fist, a purse of 50 guineas was subscribed, to be divided between them according to their respective merits. On Monday night, at 11 o'clock, it was agreed that the combatants were to decide the contest in Tottenham on the following day. At two o'clock they accordingly met, attended by their seconds and bottle-holders, etc. The ring did not exceed in fact in diameter, and this was done by driving stakes into the ground, to which were tied horses' reins, supplied by the Hackney coachmen. The 15th round was another severe trial, in which both the combatants seemed determined to employ all the strength and vigor they had left. Ward appeared very faint; but he stoutly stood his ground, and received such a blow on his nose as already much cut, that they were now entirely closed up. Though his sight was nearly gone, he requested to try another round, in which he was completely worsted; and his friends, perceiving there were no hopes of success, carried him off the ground almost a lifeless corpse. Ward, however, was already much cut, that they were now entirely closed up. Though his sight was nearly gone, he requested to try another round, in which he was completely worsted; and his friends, perceiving there were no hopes of success, carried him off the ground almost a lifeless corpse.

The nineteen rounds were fought in thirty-three minutes and a half. Several persons of distinction were present.—"The Times," June 28, 1894.

Margate, Aug. 26.—This fashionable watering-place has not been so full of visitors for eight years past, as it is at present. Every boy, or, according to the modern term, every packet is literally loaded. The smallest of these vessels brought down 120 persons yesterday morning, after a long and tedious voyage, when, owing to a very thick fog, she spent three or four hours in getting to, and to add to her distress, was, for some time, aground. Though the town is so remarkably full, there are not here, at present, many persons of high rank and fashion.

There was a public breakfast at Dandelion yesterday, which was pretty numerously attended; there might be about thirty equines in waiting. The entertainments were, after the usual mode, pleasant enough; but few persons stood up to the dance. The fitness of the weather occasions excursions every day, both by land and sea.

Yesterday at twelve o'clock, and for several hours after, a loud and incessant firing was heard at Dover, Deal and Sandwich, from off Boulogne. What occasioned it is not, as yet, distinctly known here; but from the state of the weather, and of the enemy's preparations, it appears to be the universal belief along the Kentish coast, that the threats of the French Government will soon be attempted to be carried into execution. People are at a loss to conceive what further preparations he can want, knowing, as they actually do, the present state of his armaments. Well, let him come; for surely never were men less disposed to shrink from peril, or more eagerly desirous to put their foe to the test, than the sailors and soldiers who are on and off this coast. It ought to be mentioned, in justice to them, that the Volunteers are not a whit behind the Regular Troops in their zeal to repel the threatened aggression. There will, there must, be a striking difference in such an event, between the fortunes of Caesar and Napoleon.—"The Times," Sept. 1, 1894.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

A VERY warm letter has reached me to-day regarding the humorous suggestion that marriage should be "for years, but not forever," as my correspondent puts it. I wonder if anyone seriously believes it is forever, this safeguard of morality and the family? A few short years, and death, divorce or incompatibility makes short work of the tie! No one can observe how the world wags on this question and talk about "forever," even had we not Divine assurance that the bond is distinctly temporary. For this little bit of life even, we cannot "thole" it always! But that anyone should take the suggestion seriously to limit the marriage obligation to a short term of years and place men and women at each other's mercy in a far more cruel and indefensible way than does the life-long obligation, is the height of fun! I hope that my good lady who writes imploring that our columns may be no further "desecrated" by such "immoral and dangerous suggestions" will reconsider and enjoy her frame of mind. And at the same time I might assure her that a certain pair of naughty old maids have begged me not to answer her in this strain, but to insist on what they call the capital notion of the five and ten year marriage. One of them is absolutely wicked in the way she chuckles over it, but then she has passed the Cape of Good Hope, and says, and left marriage on the other ocean. I have not read Meredith's suggestion, and do not know whether his scheme restricts the aspirants to matrimony to one trial only. Probably he would laugh at such an old-fashioned notion. Only the fear that my correspondent would break my name in meeting as "immoral and dangerous" has made me suggest to her that Meredith and Jacques and the whole lot of jokers have scared her with a Halloween pumpkin-face.

Appropos of the fad for clippings from last century news, one can imagine the writer of 1904 perusing our columns and thus delivering himself. "The sisters of silent contemplation held a sitting last week, their meeting-place being what was known half a century ago as the Toronto Golf Links, but what is now part of the system of suburban homes for which our province has become famous all over the world. The Park of Primrose Purples was chosen as most conducive to meditation, and the sisters have recorded their various benefits in the usual ways. One of the most helpful results has been the great increase in the interest felt in the voluntary nursing and child-tending work. The suburban home country, where our work-people are enjoying such good and health, and whence the electric railway brings them to and from their places of occupation without charge, has been beautified considerably this season. The various avenues of trees and flowers reaching between the suburbs of what were the cities of Toronto and Hamilton have been the special pride of the richer residents of the suburbs, and owing to the mild condition now prevailing in Canada will probably be scenes of continued pleasure and activity until Christmas. The co-operative houses for childless families, restricted within the city limits, have not only been well used, but are now, and the great increase of the birth-rate indicates that fewer occupants than ever will be likely to people these luxurious urban homes. Since the abolishing of law of golf and other outdoor games for women, there has been observable a very grateful increase in good looks, amiability and domesticity among our girls, whose parents were moved to petition for the legislation aforesaid. Anyone who remembers the weather-beaten faces, the cold and calculating eyes and the grim, determined mouths of the third generation of golfing women will note with thankfulness the softer and more delicate lines and tint of the rising generation."

What shall we say, though, of the benefits due to the legislation regarding business hours and competition, and compulsory outdoor sports for men? The motto "Competition is the life of trade and the death of humanity," is now applied to every place of business, and the unseemly, grasping, grinding methods of half a century ago, with the puny and half-developed type of male humanity which we are told, was then the rule, have disappeared and been replaced by the morning working day, from eight o'clock to two, and the daily sports, water excursions, amusements and family parties which enliven the avocations of trees and flowers for the rest of the day.

The annual apple gathering is this week's great festival, and in the grape country wine-making has just been successfully concluded. Next week all the cider mills will be in full grind, after which the harvest homes, which are the crowning festivity of the year, will be held for a fortnight. Each section of the system of suburban homes will in turn be visited by all the others, transportation being furnished free by the electric railway, which, as all are aware, is operated upon the savings from the grants needed in former years by prisons and reformatories establishments throughout the province. One of the greatest interests in this year's harvest homes will be the transit of a company of the Home Guards (our soldiers under oath never to leave their own province for warlike purposes), which will take place in sections of six from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie, in the improved aerial cars of the mid-air transit company, each afternoon. On the first day of these manoeuvres the first soldier in Canada will arrive from the capital at Winnipeg in his aerial car and spend at least three hours with the harvest home celebrators at mid-day, being engaged for dinner at eight at home. Another always interesting episode will be the "first-born" competition in kith and kind. Babies who can walk alone at ten months, others who show improved growth and progress in other ways from conditions of two decades back, and a surprising lot of experts in various arts and crafts, both men and women, all being the first-born of their parents, will be set forth for the emulation of beholders. The usual rings, inscribed "Do better," will be placed on the fingers of those whose work seems best, to be worn for the space of six months, when the spring exhibition will be held. The names of the successful carriers of these rings will not be published, by their express request. Ten critics of the various exhibits are decided upon by lot, which procedure has proved so successful in the election of government candidates, and their agreement upon a ring-wearer is arrived at in the allowed space of ten minutes. Anticipation of the ring-wearers' next year's work will be higher than ever, as the strength, both mental and physical, of the province is so markedly improved.

"I have made a few resolutions which I am really trying to keep," said the other woman as she drew on her gloves to depart for the wedding. "I am not going to barge and growl at any social duty. If I go to a ten I shall not say 'I'm bored; if I make calls I shall not wish people may be out; if I have an engagement I don't feel able to keep, I shall say so, instead of risking nerves and strength over it.' And I heard her with satisfaction, but with unbelief. The postman dropped a couple of letters through the door. There's a card for something. Oh, dear, another musical, and another new musician. Do they think Toronto is an aviary?" I laughed. LADY GAY.

The Think-So System.

[A magazine devoted to mental science advises its readers to repeat frequently to themselves: "I will be cheerful all the day" and "I am filled with happiness." This formula is claimed to be a specific against troubles.]

"I will be cheerful all the day—
Where has my collar-button gone?
Dents all how it can get away—
Ouch! That was it I stepped upon!
Confound the—what's that other phrase
That keeps a fellow from distress
And brings glad visions to his gaze?
Ah—I am filled with happiness."

"I will be cheerful all the day—
The coffee's cold; the chops are
burned;
You know I don't like eggs that way!
I always ask that they be turned.
Well, bring along the cantaloupes.
It's green! Of course, it's all a guess;
We'll find one good, some day, I hope.
Wait—I am filled with happiness."

"I will be cheerful all the day—
What has wheat done? How's that?
O, well!
Looks like they do me, anyway.
No matter if I buy or sell.
I lose on oats? I'd like to swear
With all the vigor I possess—
I'll keep my mind in good repair
With 'I am filled with happiness.'"

"I will be cheerful all the day—
There goes my hat! Darnum the wind!
I'll glue that hat and make it stay
Or else I'll have to keep it pinned."
He chased his hat; an auto came;
It bumped; and in an hour or less
The surgeons asked him for his name.
He sighed: "I'm filled with happiness!"

The Big Trees.

A Wonderful and awe-inspiring Product of Nature, Found Only in California.

California's attractions are mostly of its own kind, peculiar to the State, and of none is this so emphatically true as that unique product the Big Trees. The age of these colossal is from 1,500 to 2,000 years. The Mariposa Grove, which can be visited while en route to the Yosemite, contains some of the largest. In the Calaveras Grove are from ninety to one hundred of huge size. Near Santa Cruz is a beautiful grove of redwood Big Trees which will well employ a day's visit. These can be best reached by the Union Pacific, whose fast trains from Missouri River reach California in hours ahead of all competitors. Pamphlets and maps describing the wonders of California, and full information about the most comfortable and direct route to the Pacific Coast, can be obtained of H. F. Carter, T.P.A., 11 Jones Building, Toronto, Canada, or F. R. Choate, G.A., 126 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Jenny—Their engagement has been broken by mutual consent.
Kate—Isn't that tantalizing! I never be satisfied until I find out which one broke it.

"I'm dreadfully excited," remarked the Thrilling Short Story to the Poem.
"How are you?"

"Oh, I'm composed," was the Poem's reply.
Many a man hides his virtues under a bushel to disguise the fact that he might have used a thimble.

"OLD MULL" Scotch

Pandora Range

Strong Grates

"Pandora" grates are composed of three bars, with short bull-dog teeth, which grip, chop up and throw down the gritty clinkers, but squeeze the hard coal upwards.

The two outer bars work on the centre one, and all three are held together in one strong iron frame, which can be removed by merely unscrewing one bolt. This is a great point in a range. Most range grates require expensive experts to take out old ones and put in new grates. You can do the trick on a "Pandora" in ten minutes, with a ten cent piece for a screw driver. Isn't that simple, convenient, inexpensive?

The more you know about the "Pandora" the better you'll like it.

SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.D.



TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM

Recommended by Physicians
Drunk by Connoisseurs
For Age the Oldest. For Flavor the Finest. The Best Produced in Scotland.

Wholesale from GEO. J. FOY, Toronto.
Retail from MICHIE & CO.



Just to Remind You

that your fall overcoat or suit may need cleaning or dyeing. Now is the time. Phone and wagon will call.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.

301 and 321 Yonge St., 49 King St. West, 471 and 497 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East. Phone—North 2011, Main 2143, 1804, 1191 and 1187 Park St.

Comfort Necessaries



at the "Jaeger" Store

Our new Price List will quote you for many others. In Underwear we offer you selection unequalled in Canada. Our Leader—J.B. Natural Wool Shirt and Drawers, guaranteed unshrinkable, each 1.50

WREYFORD & CO., Underwear Specialists, 85 King St. West

The Arlington

Toronto's Leading Residential Hotel

First-class in Appointments, Service and Cuisine.

Winter Rates \$10.50 to \$17.50 per week

For particulars address

Arthur H. Lewis, Manager.

Mrs. Meyer's

Banquet and Refreshment Parlors

BALL ROOM in best condition.

Catering for large or small parties.

Tel. Park 905, 1801 Queen West.

Mrs. P. V. Meyer



Keg Purity

No possibility of Carling's Ale ever being tainted by an unclean keg.

Carling's keg-cleaning plant has cost thousands of dollars, is equipped with the most modern machinery, and operated by experts.

Every keg is thoroughly cleansed and chemically purified before being used or re-used.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure



MUSIC

THE musical events of last week and this week have been the concert of the band of the Grenadier Guards, the King's crack musical organization. The opening concert was given on Saturday, and to one's surprise were attended by audiences of a slimmest that would seem to indicate that the public were woefully ignorant of the high reputation of the band. Those who were present, however, were rewarded by hearing the finest performances that have ever been offered by a visiting British military band. The distinguishing features of the playing of the band under their conductor, Mr. Albert Williams, are full and satisfying sonority, combined with mellowness and smoothness; brilliancy of technical execution, inspiring rhythmic and metrical swing, as absence of tone from the solo instruments as well as from the performers in the mass. The programmes prove the conductor to be a master of arrangement, as they contained something to please everybody. The modern romantic German and Russian, the Italian operatic, the classic and the up-to-date light jingly schools all found typical representation. Mr. Williams has no hard and rigid idea as to the appropriate succession of pieces; he may follow the great Tschakowski overture "1812" with a ragtime number, or a Wagner selection with a light march. This much may be said for the practice—the audience, after being wrought up to a high degree of tension by a heavy romantic or emotional piece, welcome a light selection by way of more as a relief. The band displayed equal excellence in all the varied styles of music which they attempted. To the musician and the emotional auditor the most critically appreciated works at the Saturday concert were the "Tannhauser" overture and the Tschakowski "1812," and next to these came the "Reminiscences of Grieg," Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody and the selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Faust" and "Trovatore." The Wagner and Tschakowski compositions were rendered with a most stirring and impressive effect. Two more concerts were given on Monday, and another two on Wednesday, at which Wagnerian selections and the overture to "Atrij Elias," Mendelssohn, and a repeat of the Tschakowski overture were the principal numbers. Solos for cornet, piccolo and euphonium were featured in the concert, as well as solos by Mr. Ewen Holmes, an English pianist of sterling merit and brilliant technique. The refined quality of tone of the band soloists was much admired as being up to the standard of a fine symphony orchestra. One additional point I must notice in the performance, and that is the refreshing precision and the sustained tone quality of the reeds in scale and brilliant passages, and the delightful delicacy and timbre of the soft accompaniments which, as the "Globe" in its notice said, reminded one of the string orchestra. The band is numerically strong, consisting of sixty-one members. This total, while not reaching that of the band of the Grenadier Guards, which at St. Louis recently mustered ninety, is large enough for all requirements of concert work even in an auditorium so capacious as that of Massey Hall. It is interesting to note that at St. Louis the Grenadier Guards made a greater popular impression than even the famous French band. A word as to the conductor, Mr. Williams must be entitled to the greater part of the credit for the high state of efficiency of his band. He has directed them for seven years, and whatever consideration may be given to the skilled material he has at his command, it is only reasonable to conclude that the musical excellence of their performances as a whole is due to his labors. How a conductor may impair the playing of a band was illustrated in the case of the late Dan Godfrey when he was last here. The Grenadier Guards were most accomplished soloists on their respective instruments, but Mr. Godfrey was then too feeble and perhaps too inefficient, owing to his age, to do more than indicate the tempo and effects in a perfunctory way. It is probable that there will be a farewell visit of the Grenadier Band of November 2 and 3 after their return from the North-West. After completing their Canadian tour they will appear in New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other U.S. cities.

Brahms' "Alto Rhapsody," which is to be sung at the fourth concert of the February cycle to be given by the Mendelssohn Choir, with Miss Marie Foster as soloist, accompanied by the choir and the entire Pittsburgh Orchestra, ranks with the "German Requiem," the "Song of Destiny" and the "Gesang des Parzen" among the profoundest and most serious of Brahms' vocal works. Miss Foster won a great triumph at the Birmingham Festival last season, and has since sung this work with equal success at Manchester under Richter, and in Berlin, Germany. Besides this great work the choir has in preparation another composition by Brahms, a charming "a cappella" chorus, and novelties by Elgar, Grieg, Liszt, Berlioz, Sullivan and other representative composers, which will provide programmes surpassing in interest any yet offered by the society. Considerable progress has already been made in Liszt's 13th Psalm and the first part of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," as

well as in the excerpts from Elgar's "King Olaf" and "Caractacus."

Mr. Frank S. Welman announces that he is settled in his new studio at Nordheimer's, 15 King street east, where in future he will be pleased to receive his pupils and friends.

The Saturday afternoon recitals at the Toronto College of Music began last Saturday when a fine programme of piano, vocal and organ music was given by pupils of Dr. Torrington. The pianists were: Annie Ivory, Evelyn Ashworth, Gertrude Anderson, Evelyn Sloan, Pauline Grant, Lewetta Cairns, Dollie Blair and Mamie MacDonald. Vocal numbers were given by Mrs. Hamilton Moore, Mrs. Cleveland Armstrong, Marion Gray, Margaret Casey, Clara Knechtel and Maurice Van der Water. An organ solo was rendered by Mr. W. R. Brown.

The Toronto Junction College of Music has engaged Mr. R. Olmstead Mackay, lately returned from London, England, as principal of its vocal department. Mr. Mackay is the possessor of a bass voice of excellent quality and compass. He is a former pupil of Mr. David Ross of this city, and latterly of Professor Alfred Augustus North of London, England, both of whom speak in high terms of his abilities as a singer and teacher. He will assume his duties at once.

Josef Hofmann, who is one of the solo pianists to be heard in Toronto this season, recently expressed his opinions about wonder-children. Hofmann himself was a wonder-child, and it is interesting to note what he has to say, which in a condensed form is as follows: "Wonder children," so they say, "hardly ever amount to anything in later years. This thought is voiced everywhere. Everybody parrots it. Everybody agrees to it. And yet what does the history of music say? Those among the great musicians who have not been 'wonder-children' were rare exceptions, and exceptions only so far as public renown was concerned, because they did not travel and appear publicly as wonder-children. In reality, at home, among their friends and acquaintances, every one of them has in his youth been a 'wonder-child.' Handel and Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, Schubert and Chopin, Mocheles, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt and Rubinstein, they were all wonder-children, publicly or privately. Exceptions are too much like freaks."

It may surprise the few people in Canada who have heard Miss Pauline Viardot sing, to be told that she is still actively engaged in teaching music, although now eighty-three years old. She has recently composed an opera for performance by her pupils, and completed a third volume of vocal studies entitled "Une Heure d'Etude," as well as collected a number of Signor Garcia's (her father) manuscript compositions.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club have engaged Josef Hofmann, pianist, for their next concert, January 19. Two compositions by local composers will be on the programme: one by Dr. Albert Ham, dedicated to Mr. Jaydn Horsey, president of the club; and the other by Mr. Frank Blachford, dedicated to Mr. Tripp and the Club. The first tenor position is unusually strong this season, enabling Mr. Tripp to give several novelties.

The officers of the Sherlock Vocal Society for this season are: Mr. J. F. Ellis, president of the Toronto Board of Trade, hon. pres.; Mr. Elmer Ogilvie, president; Mr. William McKendry, first vice-president; Mr. F. C. Metherell, second vice-president; Mr. Hamilton Macaulay, secretary; Mr. Ira T. P. Snelgrove, assistant secretary; Mr. F. C. Turner, treasurer; Mr. J. M. Sherlock, conductor; Messrs. H. B. Goldie, W. S. Edwards, Benjamin Harpell, C. B. Kennedy and Richard Brown, the rehearsals of "The Seasons" are progressing satisfactorily, and the committee expect to be able shortly to announce the names of the solo artists. The concert will be held on the 24th and 25th of January.

Messrs. H. M. Field and J. D. A. Tripp, pianists; Miss Lida Wilson, cellist; Mrs. Russell Duncan, Miss Bessie Bonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Robinson, Messrs. Arthur Blight, Frank Bemrose and R. S. Pigott, vocalists; and the Schumann Trio, Messrs. Tripp, Blachford and Saunders, have been engaged for the Goulray, Winter & Leeming soiree musicales, which will be given at the King Edward Hotel this season. The date of the first soiree is November 10, and the artists are Mr. Field, Mrs. Duncan and Mr. Blight. This will be the first appearance of Messrs. Field and Blight since their return from Europe, and the first public appearance in Toronto of Mrs. Duncan, who has been a most successful drawing-room artist in London and Paris.

4. Hollins' Intermezzo in D flat, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Weber's overture to "Euryanthe" and the Mendelssohn-Best "Cornelius" march. There will be a collection at the door for the organ fund. These recitals will be continued fortnightly.

The piano recital of Miss Mabel Hicks in St. George's Hall on Monday evening was a gratifying success. The full pianist was greeted by an audience that crowded the hall to the doors. Miss Hicks played a varied selection with conspicuous taste and skill, her facile technique showing to particular advantage in Liszt's 12th Rhapsody. She was assisted by Mrs. Forre McIvor Craig, soprano; Mr. Frank Bemrose, tenor; Mrs. Franklin Dawson, cellist; Mr. Frank Brown, violinist; Miss Mabel O'Brien, pianist, and Miss Constance, ...ch, accompanist.

The National Chorus will produce one of their novelties at their concert at the Cardiff Festival last month. The London "Musical Times" says of it: "It is a brilliantly clever 'Jeu d'esprit' in which not a point is lost, the emphasis of which can in any way be employed in music. Dr. Cowen has used the resources of the orchestra in a manner so lavish as to make one wish at times that he had exercised more restraint in the application of local color."

Mr. Charles E. Clarke, the well-known singer, has left on a second tour of the United States under the direction of the Slayton Bureau of Chicago.

CHERUBINO.

Miss Eileen Millett, the popular soprano, has just returned from the Continent, where she has been studying for the past year under the leading masters. During a concert tour in France and England she was heralded as Canada's greatest soprano, and delighted large and enthusiastic audiences.

Miss Millett will give a recital, assisted by Grace Lillian Carter, J. M. Sherlock and Frank Blachford, next Thursday, October 27, in Association Hall.

A Paganini Relic.

Musicians, devotees of the violin in particular, will be glad to learn that the old violin exhibit at Williams' has been a pronounced success, many sales being effected.

An original old concert programme of Paganini, 1832, also an old engraving from life of the celebrated violinist, seems to attract a good deal of attention.



"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."—"Punch."

A Novel Affinity.

It was a very old and exceedingly aristocratic Southern family, and although the days of slavery had long since passed, the servants employed belonged to the old regime and were as staunch in their loyalty to the name as were the actual members of the family.

This was how it happened that the "Mammy" who had nursed three generations of children, resented more bitterly than anyone else the fact that the eldest son married someone whose family was considered a little less important than that of which Mammy considered herself a part. Her grief and indignation knew no bounds when the second son made a suitorship concerning which there could be no two opinions.

An intimate friend of the family saw Mammy shortly after this second appalling calamity, and for the once forgetting her usual dignified reticence with the servants, asked, "How do they all like Mr. Jack's marriage?" "Well, honey, we're tryin' to hear up under it, makin' de best of it we kin, but I tell yer it's mighty hard." "The bride and Mr. James's wife seem to be very good friends." "Huh! Mr. James's wife! And there was a world of scorn in her tones. 'Yer nighter know'd dose two would congeal.'"

Hadn't Had a Fair Chance.

Reporter—How many husbands have you had? Actress—Two, but I'm just a beginner, you see; I've only been on the stage a year.

2 Overcoats in One if it's a Cravenette

Cravenette Rain Coats make elegant spring and fall Overcoats-for dress as well as everyday wear. They are absolutely waterproof but not air-tight. At leading dealers.

Madge-Dolly seems perfectly infuriated with automobiling. Marjorie—I should say who was. She asked me if I didn't think Charlie looked lovely in his leather coat, French peaked cap and goggles.

INCORPORATED TORONTO MRS. A. BOND, 1900. PRESIDENT.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COLLEGE STREET. DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director. Affiliated with Toronto University. Send for new Calendar containing latest changes of curriculum, examination requirements, etc.

School of Literature and Expression. Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter, Principal. Special Calendar for this department.

MR. RECHAB TANDY TENOR

Engagements accepted in Oratorio and Concerts. Teaching resumed in Voice Culture and Singing September 1, 1904. Address the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD BARITONE SOLOIST

Conductor of the University of Toronto Glee Club. Open for engagements in Oratorio Concerts, Etc. Advanced pupils accepted. Studio—Nordheimer's.

MR. ARTHUR BLIGHT CONCERT BARITONE

TEACHER OF SINGING Will resume teaching on 5th Sep. ember. Studio—Nordheimer's. Phone M. 4689.

THE FAMOUS SHERLOCK MALE QUARTETTE

(of Toronto.) Open for engagement as specialities. Address—J. M. Sherlock, Rooms 5-8, Nordheimer's, Toronto.

DR. ALBERT HAM VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING.

Toronto Conservatory of Music or 561 Jarvis St.

MR. and MRS. ALFRED JURY TEACHERS OF SINGING

Tone placement and development of voice according to scientific principles, a specialty. Studio—56 Alexander Street.

MISS PARKHURST

Certified pupil of the late Sir Julius Benedict is prepared to accept a few piano pupils in the Junior and Intermediate classes. Studio—106 D'Arcey Street.

MRS. RYAN-BURKE TEACHER OF SINGING

Vocal Directress at Loreto Abbey. Toronto Conservatory of Music

TRIPP THE GREAT CANADIAN PIANIST

Studio for lessons—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MRS. W. J. OBERNIER Contralto

Certified pupil of William Shakespeare, London, England. Pupils received. Breathing, Voice Building, Artistic Singing. For terms apply to 65 John Street.

Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, Violinist.

Elsie Drechsler Adamson, Cellist Ernst Drechsler Adamson, Pianist Studio—12 Meredith Crescent, Rosedale, and Conservatory of Music.

MR. H. M. FIELD PIANIST AND PIANO PEDAGOGUE

(Late of Leipzig.) Is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils. Is open for Concert Engagements. Terms on application. Studio—105 Gloucester St.

SEBASTIAN H. BURNETT CONCERT BARITONE ORATORIO

Voice Breathing, Lieder and Diction. Studio—40 Grenville Street, or Toronto College of Music.

MR. and MRS. DAVID ROSS TEACHERS OF VOICE CULTURE

Specialty—Tone production and placing of Voice. STUDIO—Mason & Rich Piano Co., 38 King St. W. Toronto.

MR. A. S. VOGT Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing.

Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MR. ARTHUR INGHAM World's Fair Concert Organist.

Organist and Choir Director of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto. Advanced Piano and Organ Lessons. Address—Conservatory of Music, or 117 Pembroke St.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER

Address—168 Carlton Street, or Conservatory of Music.

R. OLMSTEAD MacKAY BASSO

Teacher of Singing Pupil of Alfred Augustus North, London, England. Principal Vocal Dept. Toronto Junction College of Music. Studio—Mornings, Bell Piano Co.

FRANK S. WELSMAN PIANO VIRTUOSO

TEACHER OF ADVANCED PIANO-PLAYING Studio at Mason & Rich, or Toronto College of Music. Residence—13 Madison Avenue.

J. W. F. HARRISON Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.

Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Branksome Hall. 21 Dunbar Road, Rosedale.

W. R. JACKSON Teacher of Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo and Violin.

STUDIO—Day time R. S. Williams' Music Store, 143 Yonge St. Evenings, 105 St. Patrick Street.

VOICED INCORPORATED 1894 TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED

F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc., Musical Director PIANO and VOCAL

Scholarships

Partial and Full Children's Physical Culture Class under Mrs. Emma Scott-Hall, opens Oct. 22nd. Apply at College, Pembroke street.

Miss Mary Hewitt Smart VOICE CULTURE

Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto. Studio—Room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

MILDRED WALKER SOPRANO

Pupil Emelio Agramonte VOICE CULTURE. Concert engagements accepted. Studio—30 Lowther Ave., City.

LINA D. ADAMSON SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER

Address Conservatory of Music. After Oct. 1st, 12 Meredith Crescent, Rosedale.

MISS JENNIE E. WILLIAMS SOPRANO

Pupil of William Shakespeare, London, Eng. Teacher of Singing, Toronto Conservatory of Music, season commencing Sept. 1904. For terms, dates, etc., address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 561 Huron Street.

NORA KATHLEEN JACKSON VOICE SPECIALIST

Teacher of Singing and Musical Theory, English, French, German and Italian Repertoire. Opera, Oratorio and Songs. Studio—Castle Frank Road, Rosedale, and Nordheimer's.

MISS VIA MACMILLAN ORIGINATOR OF

Common Sense Method for Beginners in Music. New teachers' class starts Oct. 24th. Practical and simple. All material may be carried at once. Equally good for class or private teaching. Address—Toronto Junction College of Music.

Canadian Institute for Physical Training

1. Medical and Physical Examination with prescription of exercise. 2. Body Building. 3. Boxing and Fencing. 4. Correspondence Course "Barton Home System." STUDIO—Bank of Hamilton Chambers, Queen & Spadina Ave., Toronto. Can J. W. BARTON, M.D., Principal. M. BARTON, Principal.

MR. HAMILTON MACAULAY CONCERT BASSO AND TEACHER OF VOICE CULTURE

of London, England. Studio—29 Alexander St. Address—care Nordheimer's.

MISS MARY D. KEMP

Late of the Royal Conservatorium of Music, Leipzig, Germany. TEACHER OF PIANO PLAYING Classes in Ear Training and Musical Theory. Address—121 Cowan Ave.

H. S. SAUNDERS SOLO CELLIST

STUDIO—21 Harbord St. Telephone North 638

EDUCATIONAL

Fall Term commenced Sept. 1, 1904, but students "May Enter at any Time" at the

Business College

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT. Make a start as early as you can. We will give you a good start in Business Life. New Catalogue Free. W. Brooks, Principal.

St. Margaret's College

Toronto. A high-class Boarding and Day School for girls in exceptionally fine surroundings. Modern equipment. Specialists of European training and of the highest professional standing in every department. Careful home training. Pupils prepared for all musical examinations. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal. GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director. (Late Principal Upper Canada College)

Toronto School of Physical Culture and Expression

SIMPSON HALL, 734 Yonge St. Director of Physical Work—Constance W. Wreyford, A.T.C.M. Curative Gymnastics Personal Supervision of Clarence L. Starr, M.D. Teachers' complete course. New Catalogue on application.

MISS SERNBERG

ST. GEORGE'S HALL. Society Dancing, Saturdays, 8 p.m., Simpson Hall, 734 Yonge Street, now forming. Prospectus on application.

The MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

193 BEVERLY STREET Vocal, Violin, Piano, Organ, Theory, Expression and Physical Culture. Thoroughly competent staff and high standard work in all departments. For particulars call or write.

Prof. Raymond Accolas

Graduate from Paris University. French Lessons Spanish Lessons Oil Painting Lessons. Apply for terms 6 Trinity Square.

Whaley, Royce & Co. LIMITED

Canada's Greatest Music House Everything in Sheet Music AND Musical Instruments

Our collection of RARE OLD VIOLINS, 'CELLOS, etc., is THE LARGEST AND BEST ever imported into Canada. Inspectors invited.

INSTRUMENTS ALLOWED ON TRIAL

158 YONGE STREET - TORONTO

JOSEPH HUGILL

Violins and Repairing 29 Alice St.

P. J. McAVAY Teacher of Singing

Studio—146 Ossington Avenue Voices taught Free.

W. F. PICKARD Organist Bloor St. Baptist Church.

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE AND ORGAN PLAYING Studio—305 Huron Street.

A. T. CRINGAN, Mus. Bsc.

Teacher of Vocal Culture and the Art of Singing. Careful attention given to tone placing and development. Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence—633 Church St., Toronto.

FRANK C. SMITH TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND PIANO

Studio—Toronto College of Music, or Williams' 143 Yonge Street.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist

Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College. Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evenings, College of Music.

Chrystal Brown Oratorio and Concert Tenor

Soloist Central Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa. New looking engagements in Canada. Address—ERIE, Pa.

J. F. JOHNSTONE, C.M.

PIANO, SINGING, THEORY, HARMONY, etc. Room 5, 369 Coll'ge Street, Toronto.

W. E. FAI CLOUGH, F.R.C.O.

Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints' Church PIANO, ORGAN, THEORY Address—1 North Sherbourne Street, or TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

W. O. FORSYTH

(Director Metropolitan School of Music.) PIANIST and Teacher of the Higher Art of Piano-Playing, Harmony, etc. Private studio—Nordheimer's, Toronto.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M. TEACHER OF PIANO

Toronto Conservatory of Music, Presbyterian Ladies' College and Upper Canada College. Address—496 Spadina Ave

LORA NEWMAN PIANO VIRTUOSO

Pupil of the world-renowned Leschetizky. Recently returned from Vienna. Concert engagements and a limited number of advanced pupils accepted. For dates and terms, address Nordheimer's, King St., or 278 Jarvis St.

Mr. Peter C. Kennedy Instruction in the Art of Piano Playing

Metropolitan School of Music; Bell Piano Warehouses, 145 Yonge Street. Residence, 253 Brock Ave.

H. KLINGENFELD SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER

Address—245 McCaul Street, or Conservatory of Music.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY VOICE CULTURE

Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto and Toronto Conservatory of Music. 256 Seaton Street.

MINNIE G. CONNOR, A.T.C.M. Teacher of VIOLIN

STUDIO—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANCI COOMBS BARITONE

Teacher of Tone Production and Singing Metropolitan School of Music. Down town Studio—Bell Piano Warehouses—145 Yonge Street.

HAROLD D. PHILLIPS, M.A. Mus. Bac. (Cantab) F.R.C.O.

Organist and Choirmaster St. Paul's Church, Broad Street East. Composition, Advanced Theory, Organ. Address—Bernard Avenue.

J. W. L. FORSTER PORTRAIT PAINTER

Studio—24 King Street West PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND Public Accountant and Auditor

McKlenon Building, Toronto. Room 218. Phone—Main 1301.

Special Values in Fine Violins

Write for new Catalogue (free) containing list of noted violin makers, photo engravings of celebrated artists, and photographic reproductions of Fine Violins, ranging in price from \$40.00 to \$5,000.00. Special violins sent on seven days' examination. Monthly payments arranged.

MASON AND RISCH



OUR first Mason and Risch Piano was an upright and it was at the earnest solicitation of the late lamented Dr. Franz Liszt, that we produced our grand. The great Master had carefully tested our upright and recognizing in it a wonderful instrument he urgently advised us to produce a grand, of which he wrote "it is excellent, magnificent, unequalled. Artists, judges and the public will certainly be of the same opinion."

The design and construction of the two styles of piano are different in many respects, each requiring its own peculiar kind of skill to produce. We have separate departments for the building of our upright and grand pianos with special forces of skilled workmen for each.

MASON AND RISCH

The Piano with a Soul.

Mason and Risch Piano Company, Limited, Toronto

Canada's Only Store for Genuine

Eastern Rugs

Having just received our large Fall Stock, we have now on display at our art-rooms the finest and largest collection of genuine Persian, Turkish and Indian Rugs ever shown in Canada.

You are always sure of being well suited here in buying a real Oriental Rug and getting good value for your money.

We send goods on approbation and always guarantee to satisfy our patrons.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 King St. East, Toronto.

DUSTLESS METHOD

Carpets Cleaned on the Floor

Our Prices Are Right

Special price given where more than one room is done.

Our Manager will call and give price.

We guarantee satisfaction. The company is now under a new management.

—BOARD OF DIRECTORS—

W. T. BRADSHAW, President. J. B. KAY. R. K. MCINTOSH
J. D. MONTGOMERY, Vice-Pres. R. J. CHRISTIE, D. K. RIDOUT.

Ontario Compressed Air Dustless House Cleaning Company Limited.

A. E. HARNETT, Manager.

New Goods and New Models

In Costuming and Millinery

at 406 and 408 Yonge Street

Mrs. Joan B. Shop Miss Alexander

Telephone—Main 1077

CLAUDES. POTE

Auctioneer

23 Yonge St. Arcade, Toronto

Saturday

Sale of Watercolors and Oil Paintings at the above.

Thursday

Sale of Fittings, Fittings and Trade Utensils at the **Turbina Restaurant**, 125 Bay St., Toronto.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Toronto Island Breakwater Extension," will be received at this office until Wednesday, November 2, 1904, inclusive, for the construction of an extension to the breakwater on the south side of Toronto Island, City of Toronto, in the County of York, Ontario, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Gray, Esq., Engineer in charge of harbor works, Ontario, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work constructed for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest tender.

By order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 18, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

Anna Eva Fay.

Miss Anna Eva Fay, the wonderful little lady who is gifted with the powers of hypnotism or mesmeric science, will begin an engagement at Massey Hall, Monday evening next, in one of her pleasing entertainments.

Since last visiting Toronto, Miss Fay has appeared in like entertainments at the Queen's Concert Rooms in London for over a year and nine months. In St. Petersburg she continued nightly to entertain the nobility for over a year and in almost every city of the world she has appeared, and at every place she has been pronounced marvellously wonderful. Her entertainments consist of second sight or mind-reading of a highly scientific order, mingled with sufficient fun to make an evening most pleasantly spent.

Miss Fay has always numbered among her audience people of the highly educated classes, and has appeared before the "Royal Scientific Society" of London, where she set them all thinking and wondering who was the greatest—Marconi, Hermann, Keller, or Miss Fay.

At Washington, Miss Clara Barton, while president of the Red Cross Society of the World, made Miss Fay her guest and placed her among her first friends. At Halifax the 400 took hold of the gifted lady, and at present she has letters of introduction and recommendation from all the leading heads of Europe and America. It is different from anything hitherto seen, and more resembles what might be termed hypnotic trance or mesmeric dream visions. People desiring to test the matter may merely think instantly of a question on a subject, past, present, or future. This question is not mentioned to anyone; Miss Fay usually gives accurate answers, and then correctly states the question, which up to that time is absolutely uncertain to anyone but the person thinking it. Somnolency is totally unlike clairvoyance or second sight, and is undeniably the greatest achromatic bewilderment ever presented to the world at large.

Unlike Marconi, Heller, Hermann, or Keller, no wires or machinery are used, and to all those who will be enabled to crowd into the Massey Hall, Monday night, a treat never to be forgotten is assured.

Sale of seats opens at the box office this morning.

"Tis sweet to court, but oh, how bitter To court a girl and then not glitter."

Disregarding the Rules.



The Head Barber—"See here, boy, you have cut the gentleman four times and stropped your razor only once. Haven't I often told you to strop after each cut?"—"Fliegende Blätter."

Social and Personal.

MRS. COLIN GORDON, 152 St. George street, has sent out cards for a tea in honor of her daughter's debut, which takes place on Wednesday, November 2. By a slip of the pen the cards are dated for November 3, but the tea is on Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles William Peniston (nee Blackwell) will hold her postnatal receptions next Thursday afternoon and evening at 54 Wellington place, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seales, uncle and aunt of Mr. Peniston.

Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Horsey are removing next week from 166 Isabella street to 206 St. George street.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher are again settled at 286 Bloor street west for the winter, where Mrs. Fisher receives on the first and third Fridays.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto came home this week, but will return to Kirkfield for another visit before settling down for the winter. The Misses Kate and Grace Mackenzie are in Canada, but return shortly to Paris, and I hear—Edith Mackenzie is going with them. —Baroness Munthausen, who is a very pretty young German friend now visiting at Benvenuto, returns shortly to Germany.

Mrs. Arthur Davies (nee Pyne) held her postnatal receptions at 33 River street on Thursday afternoon and evening. Mrs. Davies received in her wedding dress of soft crepe de sole over satin with chintz lace and pearl trimmings, and her bouquet was of pink roses. Miss Johnstone, one of the bridesmaids, and the Misses Thomas, cousins of Mr. Davies, assisted at the reception, all wearing white. Pink carnations were used for decorations in the drawing-room, and the tea-table was done with red carnations in the dining-room. Mrs. Pyne was also in the reception-room looking very nice in champagne voile with pale green trimmings.

The "Autumn Tea," that pretty function which is held each year by the Woman's Literary Society of University College, takes place this afternoon in the east hall of the College.

Mrs. John Palmer (nee Blight) held her postnatal receptions in her new home, 125 Madison avenue, on Thursday afternoon, and the fair day and interest everyone took in the sweet young bride, whose home is nearly vis-a-vis to Mrs. Percy Taylor's (also a receiving bride on Thursday), secured her a host of callers. Mrs. Palmer wore her wedding dress of crepe de sole and looked very pretty in it. Two recent brides, Mrs. Howard Gillespie and Mrs. John Rogers, poured tea and coffee at the refreshment table, which was beautifully done in lily of the valley and ferns. Pink carnations and white chrysanthemums were used to decorate the boudoir residence for the bridal function. Mrs. Palmer in a handsome white gown, and Mrs. Blight in silver grey voile, assisted the bride in receiving.

Mr. Austin of Spadina always has trunks "en primeur," and his arrangements for this week's festivities at the Lambton Golf Club set a pace which others will find not easy to follow. He has home and foreign champions at the game, and is himself a "champion" entertainer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Hunter are going to Jamaica for the winter. They were prominently seated listeners to Miss Brooke-Hunt's lecture, and I heard some people admiring the bride of the summer as she passed to her seat.

The proceeds of Miss Brooke-Hunt's lecture, clear of expenses, were about two hundred and fifty dollars. The benefit to the whole community of her visit, the realization of the value of a woman in a sphere where men are popularly supposed to go it alone (what a humorous man called the "fire limit"), the personal testimony of a critic of men, and a judge of good soldiers, in the standard and tone of Canadianism in war time, and the ocular demonstration to the fact that a woman can go through incredible privations, labor, anxiety and nervous shocks of the most strenuous description, and remain bright, cheery, refined, dainty and adorably feminine, are some of the truths we have proved by Miss Brooke-Hunt. If there should be any more war, said she, with a serious smile, "and I have two legs to go with, I shall be there!" And from the depths of the hall came a sort of gurgle from a man's throat, which would have meant, had it come without the sob, "God bless you!"

Miss Brooke-Hunt went to Ottawa on Thursday night and was while there the guest of Lady Minto at Rideau Hall.

The Flower Show will be held this year in the Granite Rink and the dates are November 17, Thanksgiving Day, and "adjacent" days. A new departure is to be made this year in the way of a tea garden, arranged in the galleries of the rink during the show. This enterprise is

to be under the guidance of Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Elmes Henderson and Mrs. Dyce Saunders, and it is scarcely necessary, after mentioning those names, to add that the proceeds of the tea garden are to augment the Chapel Fund for Trinity Church School, Port Hope, a cause Mrs. Osler has very much at heart. The Woman's Guild, who have worked so earnestly for it, should coin money at their tea-tables, for they are just what is wanted at the Flower Show, and the florists welcomed Mrs. Osler's suggestion with much pleasure.

Mrs. Peter Macdonald and her daughters will receive in their new home, 176 Roxborough street, Rosedale, on the first and fourth Tuesdays of the month.

Among the attractions at Craigleigh on Tuesday were the dim conservatory snow-dusted with white chrysanthemums, and the splendid hedge of hydrangeas with which the gardener had banked the wide stone entrance steps. The vista of rich autumn coloring down the steps wooded ravine gave many a nature-lover a treat of autumn beauty as they approached the Osler homestead. Nothing in the way of "beheaded blooms," as the disagreeable man calls cut roses, could match the bounteous growth and regal coloring of the above-mentioned.

Mrs. Richard W. Teskey of 479 1-2 Euclid avenue will be at home to her friends on the first and third Tuesdays of each month during the season.

Marriage in Russia.

Meeting the bride and groom at the door of the church, the priest first asks the groom whether he will have the bride as his wife and whether he has promised any other in marriage. Receiving the proper answers, he asks similar questions of the bride and receives her reply. Then he leads them into the church, where the choir sings a psalm and an ektenie and the priest says prayers of blessing upon the couple.

Rings are produced which the priest lays upon the analogion, sprinkling them with holy water and blessing them. Then, giving one ring to the groom, he says: "The servant of God, N., is betrothed to the servant of God, N., in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Giving the other ring to the bride, he says the same, merely changing names. The bride and groom then join their right hands, while the priest binds the ends of his epitrachelion (stole) over the joined hands, and the groom repeats after him: "I, N., take thee, N., for my wife, and I will give thee love, faith and honor in wedlock, and I will not leave thee until death; may God help me. In the holy undivided Trinity and with all the saints." The bride also repeats: "I, N., take thee, N., for my husband, and I will give thee love, faith, honor and obedience in wedlock, and I will not leave thee until death," etc. Then the priest, taking away his stole, looses their hands and says: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder, and I, an unworthy servant of God, by the power given to me, join you in holy wedlock, and I declare and make known this by the power of the Holy Catholic Church, in the name of the Father and Son and Holy Ghost. Amen."

After these words the crowning takes place. The priest prays that they may live as one and may be crowned with love in one flesh. Then taking the first crown from the analogion he puts it on the head of the groom, making the sign of the cross and saying: "May the servant of God be crowned, in the name of the Father and Son and Holy Ghost. Amen." He then crowns the bride, with the same words. The bride and groom look very pretty as they stand before the priest at the analogion wearing their crowns. The prokimen is then sung and the Epistle from the Ephesians and the Gospel from St. John are read, while the service closes with an ektenie and the dismissal prayer.

Not in War.

"The carnage was fearful," said Mr. Spyeon from the paper. "All about us the dead were piled in ghastly heaps, and the air was filled with the groans and shrieks of the wounded. The slaughter was—"

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't read those dreadful war stories!" interrupted Mrs. Spyeon.

"This isn't a war story," said Mr. Spyeon, testily.

"Why, it's only an Englishman's account of a journey on a Canadian railroad."

Monday—"Pshaw! I'm so glad I haven't begun to wear my winter underclothes yet."

Tuesday—"Gee whiz! but I was sensible to put on flannel underwear to-day."

Wednesday—"I think I've had a sunstroke!"

Thursday—"I'm sure I'm getting pneumonia."

Friday—"You'd better send for the doctor!"

Saturday—"The doctor says I have sunstroke!"

Sunday—"This is hell!"

"Maltese Cross" Rubbers

are made to suit the latest styles of boots and shoes. They are manufactured under a rigid system of inspection from the finest rubber and by workmen of the highest skill.

Almost everybody wears

"Maltese Cross" Rubbers

They fit well
Look well
Wear well

Manufactured by
THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER MFG. CO.
OF LONDON, LIMITED
Branches: Montreal and Winnipeg.

THE Metropolitan School of Dancing

LIMITED.

Studio--249 COLLEGE ST.

Between Spadina and Huron.

Juvenile Classes meet every Tuesday and Wednesday at 4 o'clock. Saturday morning 10 o'clock. All classes and lessons under MR. SAGE'S supervision.

Private Lessons by appointment.

Studio may be rented for small At Homes, Receptions, Etc.

Cook's Turkish Baths

A Turkish Bath is not merely a luxury. To the business or professional man of sedentary habits they are almost an absolute necessity to health.

Turkish Baths taken regularly remove through the pores of the skin many poisonous secretions which cause rheumatism, gout and other troubles.

Then, Cook's is such a cozy, homelike place—it really is for its size the most comfortable and up-to-date bath on the continent.

Open all night.

PRICES: From 6 to 9 p.m., 75c; before 6 p.m., during day or for all night, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00

A dainty bill of fare served at any hour.

202-204 King Street West, Toronto.

CHAS. POTTER - 85 Yonge St.
Spectacle Department.

SPEX

at 855

POTTER'S

Let us fill your prescription when in need of a pair of spectacles or eyeglasses. You won't find such a complete optical stock or such pleasing prices anywhere else in the city.

C. B. PETRY, Proprietor.

REV. DR. WILD

Will Preach in

Massey Hall, Sunday Evg., Oct. 23rd

SUBJECT: "Armageddon—The Battle of God Almighty: when and where it will take place and the nations that will be engaged in it."

Organist, Prof. Harris, Cornettist, Bert Hunt. Soloists, Miss E. Boyd and Basil de Lisle. Doors open at 6.30. Service at 7.30. Collection at the Door. All welcome.

The Power of Iteration.

There is nothing more extraordinary than the effect produced by iteration upon the public mind. Almost any non-repeated utterance in print. The fortunes made by soaps, hair washes, patent medicines, patent aids to cookery, etc., are witnesses to this curious fact.

There is a form of self-advertisement which proves even more pointedly than commercial advertisement the wonderful potency of assertion. It is something far subtler than what we have been discussing, and appeals to a smaller and more select public. In this case the deception goes further, but it is necessary to obtain the full effect that a person makes the assertion should himself believe in its truth. The power to deceive with which the self-deceived are often endowed is remarkable.

By countless assertions a stupid man can convince himself. This is why un-receptive people become so pig-headed and prejudiced as they get older.

An Electric Thunderer.

An inventor of Rome has submitted for examination to the War Office there an engine called an electric thunderer. It scatters advancing troops by means of electric discharges without killing them. The shock of battle will bear a different significance in future. And instead of being the defeated army will get current.

—USE—

Covernton's Carbolic Tooth Wash

It cleanses and preserves the teeth, sweetens the breath, prevents decay. Give it a trial and you will use no other. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by all druggists. Add 10c postage.

D. WATSON & CO., Montreal.

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinee Daily, 25c. WEEK OCT. 24. Evenings 25c & 50c.

In their original Protean Burlesque **Barney Fagan** and **Henrietta Byron**

entitled, "Idle Fancy"

Fisher & Carroll

Comedians

John E. Camp

Monologist

Polk & Kollins

Banjoists

Charles Hara

Comedy Juggler

Lavine - Cimeron Trio

Comedy Acrobats

THE KINETOGRAPH

All New Pictures

Special Extra Attraction.

Girard & Gardner

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"

Presenting "Duolet and the Diamond"



A CORNER OF ONE OF THE UNITED ARTS & CRAFTS' STUDIOS, IN LAWLOR BUILDING, COR. KING AND YONGE STREETS.

A society of artists and craftsmen who decorate and furnish homes throughout; they also make all furniture by hand in their own workshops, 1012 Yonge St., just in the hollow.

JUST PUBLISHED

The Hound from the North

By RIDGWELL CULLUM

A thrilling story of adventure and mystery, centering around "The Hound," with scenes laid in our North West. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

SELLING LARGELY

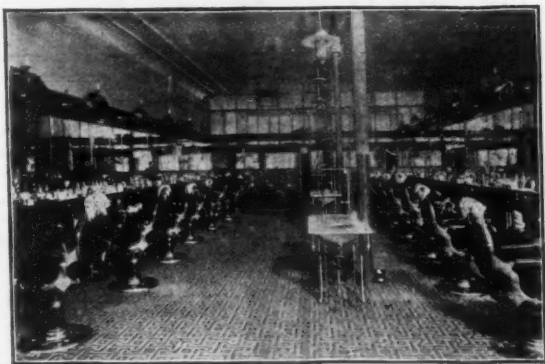
A Ladder of Swords

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

A tale of Love, Laughter and Tears. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

THE COPP, CLARK CO., Limited, Publishers,
TORONTO

CANADA'S LEADING BARBER SHOP
14-BARBERS-14



BATHS N. 111 Waiting J. R. BEAMISH Phone Main 5232.
9 Richmond Street W.

Social and Personal

MAJOR and Mrs. James Fraser Macdonald have returned to Toronto and are spending the winter at 41 Avenue Road. Mrs. Macdonald will receive on the second and fourth Fridays in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hogg of Port Hope have gone on an extended trip to the Old Country.

The news of the death of Mrs. George Campbell (Florence Parker) came as a shock to her many friends, although for years only her native brightness and bravery have kept them from realizing how frail was her hold on life. Her interest in art and literature, her association with many of the city's charities and her charming social qualities combined to make her influence sweet and imperishable. Her husband, her little daughter Muriel, her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Parker, and the only brother, Mr. Percival Parker, to whom she was such a true comrade, have the heartfelt sympathy of all who knew that charming home circle, for the first time so sadly broken.

Among those present at Mr. Hamilton Macaulay's recital on Saturday afternoon last were: Mr. Rechab Tandy and his daughter, Mrs. Marsh, Rev. Septimus Jones, Mr. and Mrs. George Musson, Mrs. Percy Schofield, Mrs. Burgess, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, Mr. Snelgrove, Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, Mr. Tippet, Miss Perry, Miss Kerr, Miss Puley, Mrs. G. R. Baker.

Mrs. Charles G. McGill (nee Martin) will hold her first reception since her marriage at 298 Brunswick avenue Friday afternoon next, October 28.

The Q.O.R. are spending a Friday to Sunday night visit in Buffalo. Very high jinks are on their way. An "open evening" will be given on Saturday at the huge Armories. Several of the wives of the officers have gone to Buffalo for the occasion. Neither Sir Frederick Borden, who is busy down at Canning, N.S., with election affairs, nor Lord Aylmer, who is doing extra work in Ottawa, during the absence of the Minister of Militia, was able to fulfill a prophecy of the Buffalo papers, but Lieutenant-Colonel Pellatt and the lesser lights are a glittering galaxy, and then, as aforesaid, there are the ladies—"God bless 'em."

Fun of interest to both Canada, and especially to Toronto, where both bride and groom are most esteemed, was the wedding on Wednesday of Colonel T. B. Evans, C.B., D.O.C., of Winnipeg, a sturdy soldier hero of the Boer War, and Miss Eleanor McMillan, only daughter of His Honor Sir Daniel McMillan, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and Lady McMillan. The occasion was, naturally, most brilliant from a military standpoint as the groom has a long record of service honorable and gallant. The ceremony took place at three o'clock in Knox Church, Rev. Dr. Duval officiating. An honor being like our own Governor a staunch Presbyterian. An escort of forty men from the 12th Manitoba Dragoons, of which corps Sir David is Honorary Colonel, escorted the bride's carriage from Government House, Captain Young commanding. An escort from Port Osborne Barracks of the R.C.M.B. brought the groom's carriage to the church. Miss Eleanor Macdonald, cousin of the bride, was maid of honor, and Miss Brydges and Miss Cameron were bridesmaids. Mr. Homer Dixon was best man. Needless to say, the bride looked most beautiful and sweet in her trailing white robe and nooses; she is truly "all that is fair," and as one of her friends remarked here—"T. B.'s a lucky fellow." Colonel and Mrs. Evans are to spend some time abroad in Italy and Southern France this winter. They will probably arrive over in time to receive more than good wishes from their firm friend, Senator Melvin-Jones, and his family, who, it was rumored, were to cut short their stay in England to come out for the marriage, but I don't hear of their having done so.

The last State dinner at Rideau Hall will celebrate the real birthday anniversary of King Edward VII., and will be given the night before the Vice-regal party come to Toronto, November 9.

The crowd at the Lambton Golf Club on Wednesday was a revelation of the interest taken in golf by all sections of the city. Hundreds of enthusiasts thronged after the players, the wide verandah was thronged with people, and the beauty of the scene was enchanting.

Mrs. Griscome and her daughter, with Miss Dod and a bright group of golfing ladies, were welcomed with the greatest pleasure. Their train was late for the charming luncheon arranged for them, but that was their misfortune, not their fault. Mrs. Griscome and her handsome daughter, who is easily first in the happy coterie, are likely to capture the hearts of all and sundry as they did those of Mr. Austin's going party in Philadelphia. Miss Griscome has her championship medal of two or three seasons ago, which she wears on a fob. Mrs. Arthur was hostess on Wednesday of a huge tea. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with Commander Law, were driven out by the president of the Automobile Club in Mr. W. A. Kemp's fine Winton, after a ride through the beautiful suburban region where the autumn tints are still fine, and which the distinguished party much enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn and Miss Howard drove out, Mrs. Mann and Miss Williams came in the smart auto which is their latest find. Several ladies and gentlemen rode out. The Misses Mortimer Clark came out for luncheon, but returned early to receive some friends who came for tea and to see Miss Brooke-Hunt on her return from Niagara. General and Mrs. Hatchell, guests at Yeoward Hall, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Mrs. H. S. Strathly and her guest, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, who came out in their trim little car, Mrs. May, Mrs. Esbitt, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. George Evans and her guest, Miss Pilot of Newfoundland, Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. and Miss Dick, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Lilly McCarthy, Colonel and Miss Eva Delamere, Mrs. Holloway, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, the Misses Gibbons of London, were a few of the people one met at the tea on the verandah. The Club dining-room was arranged for a members' and visitors' tea. Dinners were given in goodly numbers. Miss Dod, the English champion, Miss Bishop, the U.S. champion, Miss Griscome, ex-champion, Miss Harvey, Canadian champion, the Misses Curtis and Miss Dick played.

We have this week visited several of our best stores in quest of anything new which might be of interest to our readers. Our notice on these will appear in a future issue. We cannot, however, lose the opportunity of recording the great pleasure which was ours—and we feel sure is now shared by a large proportion of our readers—when on visiting the studios of the United Arts and Crafts, 34 Lawlor Building, we found written this week in their Visitors' Book, "I am quickly becoming proud of Canada!" and this signed by that no less severe critic and connoisseur, Mrs. Hayter Reed of Quebec. We heartily congratulate the United Arts and Crafts on having again earned such a high encomium.

Do you know that the greatest Exposition ever held closes in six weeks, and that if you miss it you will always regret doing so? Every business man that is trying to keep abreast of the times can afford at least a week to see the world's best exhibits, and it will be time and money well spent. Wide-awake merchants are sending their bright young men and women to it. Why? Because it pays. If you want further information obtain a copy of the Grand Trunk booklet, a superb illustrated publication of 48 pages, free at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

"Speaking of the theater of war—" began Bellingham, when Goldthorpe interrupted: "That is the only theater where back seats are desirable."

The Aliens.

Some idea of the views of Australians on the immigration of foreigners to the Island Continent may be obtained by reading the following poem by an Australian poet:

They come not as an open foe
To loot the land with steel and fire;
No barricades to dust they blow,
Or make each home a lurid pyre.
They bear no bannerette of war;
No trumpet forth a challenge yell
From grim-built battle-ship to shore.
They rain no hell-invented shells,
But still they war and still they win;
They claim, and get, the victor's share.
Swartthy of heart as well as skin,
The Alien comes—
Beware! Beware!!

Along the street no shrill shrieks,
No rifle splits its venomous lead,
No hasty-dug entrenchment reeks
With piles of disemboweled dead,
They bear no bayonet, lance, or sword,
They blare no brass, they roll no drum,
When comes this irresistible horde
From out its Mediterranean slum,
From where the stench of Lisbon's dock
Pollutes the olive-scented air,
From plague-infected Antioch
The Alien comes—
Beware! Beware!!

Along the Adriatic shore
Where swarming beggars whine and weep,
The tramp-ship shudders as they pour
Into her vitals dark and deep;
From Old Cadiz to Thessaly,
From Montenegro down to Seid,
They swarm across the Indian Sea
To swell the beetle-browed brigade;
To cheat the Briton of his crust;
To take what he and his should share,
To drag Australia to the dust,
The Alien comes—
Beware! Beware!!

They man the mine while workers born
Beneath the scintillating Cross,
Are ordered off in sneering scorn
By Cohen's high, Panjandrum Joss;
They smudge our land's initial page,
For paltry pence they snarl and stab;
They undercut the worker's wage,
For each at heart's a loathsome scab;
To rob the babe which, famished, drains
Its mother's bosom gaunt and bare;
To hoard his blood-begotten gains
The Alien comes—
Beware! Beware!!

From black Bombay to brown Japan,
The dusky pagan swells the flood
That, spite the interdicting ban,
Contaminates Australia's blood.
Across a land once virgin good
A trail of greed and lust he leaves,
And o'er its virile nationhood
Degeneration's spell he weaves
To tempt our maidens and our wives
With many a tawdry tinsel snare,
To undersap their loyal lives,
The Alien comes—
Beware! Beware!!

In hovels never cleansed nor aired,
On which the law indulgent looks,
He serves you dainty meals prepared
From filthy food by filthy cooks.
He launders whatever you need;
What he demands you promptly pay—
While women of your British breed
Must pawn their honor day by day.
He sells you fruits of Mother Earth
That ripened in his loathsome lair;
To blast the land that gave you birth
The Alien comes—
Beware! Beware!!

They come not as an open foe
To loot the land with steel and fire;
No barricades to dust they blow,
Or make each home a lurid pyre.
They bear no bannerette of war;
No trumpet forth a challenge yell
From grim-built battle-ship to shore.
They rain no hell-invented shells,
But still they war and still they win;
They claim, and get, the victor's share.
Swartthy of heart as well as skin,
The Alien comes—
Beware! Beware!!
—Dryblower in Kaigoorlie "Sun."

Mysteries of Ocean Depths.

The Prince of Monaco, who is devoted to oceanography and has had much practical experience as a whaler, delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution in London recently which is full of points of interest to the unlearned. The prince thinks he can prove that the vast spaces of ocean between the surface and the extreme depths are haunted by the great and terrible cephalopods on which certain species of whales depend for food, and with which they wage perpetual, and not always quite successful, war. These creatures cannot, owing to their organization, rise into spaces illuminated by light, and their very existence has often been denied. That suggests, though the prince did not mention it, that if the hunters succeed, as they are succeeding, in driving the whales from accessible waters, the numbers of these horrible creatures on which they live, and probably their size also, must increase. He had himself, in the course of his experiments, discovered many new species of cephalopods, "some of gigantic size." The whole lecture is most interesting; but what a curious fact it is that the proprietor of a gaming-table on the Mediterranean should unintentionally contribute so largely to the progress of ichthyological science.

The Other Fellow Wins.

"Paw," said Johnny, "what's a sine-sure?"
"It is a job, my son," replied Senator Gloucester, "which a man wants but someone else gets."

Freddie—What's a pertinent question, dad? Dad—One that seems impertinent when you are called on to answer it.

Daniel Webster said: "There is no refuge from confession but suicide—and suicide is confession."

"You must ask mamma. It doesn't matter about papa." "Er—yes—but do the women folk always rule in your family?"

Cobwigger—What became of that women's club that was organized to purify politics? Dorcas—They had an election of officers, and most of the members were suspended for stuffing the ballot-box.

DOUBLE-HANDLE Deep Club Bags



You can give this bag years of hard usage and still have a bag you will be proud to carry.

Made of three pieces of leather. Flat double handles. Leather-lined, with three pockets. Best frame and jock made.

Natural Grain Leather, in Black, Brown and Russet.
16 inch.....\$10.00
18 ".....11.00
20 ".....12.00
Black Chrome Tanned Calfskin.
16 inch.....\$13.00
18 ".....14.00
20 ".....15.00
Genuine Russia Leather, imported direct from Russia.
16 inch.....\$16.00
18 ".....17.00
20 ".....18.00
Dull Black Sea Lion.
16 inch.....\$20.00
18 ".....21.00
20 ".....22.00

Catalogue "S" of our specialties in Traveling and Leather Goods mailed free. Express paid in Ontario.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co. Limited 105 KING ST. WEST.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births
Bell—Oct. 18, Toronto, Mrs. Charles E. Bell, a son.
Budge—Oct. 18, Hanover, Mrs. Austin L. Budge, a son.
Macpherson—Oct. 17, Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Macpherson, a daughter.
Powell—Oct. 15, Eglinton, Mrs. T. W. Powell, a daughter.
Pyke—Oct. 17, Toronto, Mrs. George A. Pyke, a daughter.

Marriages
Thompson—Wesley—At the residence of the bride's parents, Newmarket, on Monday, October 18, 1904, by the Rev. Neil Campbell, Arthur Boyd Thompson, eldest son of the late J. B. Thompson of Orillia, to Caroline L., second daughter of Joseph Wesley of Newmarket.
Hood—Seymour—Oct. 15, Port Hope, Sybil Dagmar Seymour to John Drewett Hood.
Hungerford—Kittredge—Oct. 18, Penetanguishene, Bella Stuart Kittredge to Samuel Gibson Hungerford.
McCallum—Buller—Oct. 19, Toronto, Anna Grace Buller to Charles McCallum.
McCleary—West—Oct. 19, Toronto, Elfrida West to Hercules R. McCleary.
Wilcox—Hill—Oct. 15, Toronto, Minnie C. Hill to Edward M. Wilcox.

Deaths
Atkinson—Oct. 18, Eliza Jane Burgess Atkinson, aged 83 years.
Baldwin—Oct. 19, London, the Right Rev. Maurice Scollard Baldwin, D.D., Bishop of Huron, aged 66 years.
Boas—Oct. 13, Edinburgh, Feodor Boas, aged 54 years.
Carlyle—Oct. 17, Toronto, Western Hospital, Rev. R. M. Carlyle.
Cockburn—Oct. 17, Gravenhurst, May G. Cockburn.
Gooderham—Oct. 18, Toronto, Charles Horace Gooderham, aged 60 years.
Houghton—Oct. 19, Lydia Houghton, aged 81 years.
Jackson—Oct. 17, Hugh Jackson, aged 35 years.
Lamont—Oct. 17, Toronto, Mary Lamont.
Morley—Oct. 18, Toronto, Margaret Shaw Morley.
Mussen—Oct. 18, Montreal General Hospital, William Whitehead Mussen.
Thomas—Oct. 15, Vancouver, B.C., Regina Ald Wolferstan Thomas, aged 39 years.

The Marshall



Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of Delighted users testify as to its "Comfortable," Healthy and Durable qualities.

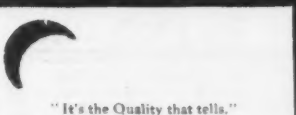
It never sags. Get one and rest. See it at Simpson's.

Toronto. London. Chicago.

W. H. STONE
Undertaker
343 YONGE STREET.
Phone Main 932

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
389 Yonge Street Phone M. 679.

Established 1869.
DANIEL STONE
The Leading Undertaker
Phone M. 931. 389 Yonge Street



Direct from Turkey we have some of the choicest of this season's pick of Eleme Smyrna figs

The finest figs come from Turkey and only those which are carefully hand-picked from the trees are entitled to be called Eleme—that being the Turkish word for hand-picked

Michie & Co.
7 King St. West

"If it's from Michie's it's good."



The new French Plaids in silk in all shades shown. To be worn with your tailor-made. They are very smart and give your costume a finish.

Something Different

Shirt-Waist Costumes, tailored skirts, silk drop skirts tailored to your measure. Patterns, style and fit exclusively our own.

MacKay

101 Yonge St. 4 Doors south of Adelaide Main 5466.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Preston Springs, Ont.

The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props.
Late of the Elliott House, Toronto